

Vol. XIII--No. 7

PRICE 5 CENTS

THURSDAY  
March 26, 1903

# THE MIRROR

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VOL. XIII—No. 7

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1903.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

## The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell Main 2147 Kinloch, A 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

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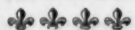


WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE March number of the *Valley Magazine* is for sale at all news stands. Its table of contents is exceptionally strong. Among the contributors are some of the best-known writers. If you can appreciate the original and the virile in current literature, you want to buy the *Valley Magazine*. Ten cents a copy; one dollar a year.

## REFLECTIONS

### A Merited Tribute

THE President of the World's Fair has been given a splendid, enthusiastic reception on his return to St. Louis. All one can say of it is that it was well deserved. Mr. Francis has acquitted himself in a singularly able and spirited manner of the arduous task of arousing greater interest among European governments in the great St. Louis enterprise. He has achieved something which few other men would have had the courage to undertake, much less to complete. The MIRROR has frequently taken occasion to criticize the actions of the President of the World's Fair. It is generous enough, however, to admit without hesitation that he is the right man at the right place, and that he is a man of whom St. Louisans have every reason to be proud. If Mr. Francis shows a disposition to identify himself too closely with the Fair, the cause of it must be sought, not in censurable arrogance, but in a too vivid realization on his part of his undoubted dynamic energies and abilities. If this is a fault, it is an honorable one. If Mr. Francis were not what he is, the World's Fair would be in a more or less hopeless condition at the present time. He has been tried. And he has proved his right to the high position which he occupies. To the charge that he is the "whole show" in the World's Fair management, it may be replied that he could not possibly be anything else.



### The Astute James R. Keene

THE legal proceedings instituted against the Southern Pacific by the Wall Street firm of Talbot J. Taylor & Co. have some unusually interesting features. They are, essentially, the outgrowth of a stock-jobbing affair. The firm mentioned represents the well-known speculator, James R. Keene, and the members of the "pool," which, about two years ago, purchased something like twenty-five million dollars' worth of Southern Pacific stock at an average price that was, probably, closer to seventy than to sixty. Keene is understood to have been the organizer of this "pool" and to have conducted the purchasing operations on the theory that the holders of the two million shares of the stock, nine hundred thousand of which are owned by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, would soon receive a substantial annual dividend. The veteran stock jobber thought that the Union Pacific would never have invested in this huge amount of stock, and issued in payment therefor its own bonds drawing 4 per cent per annum, without expecting to receive something in return that would demonstrate the profitability of the investment. Contrary to all his hopes, however, the directors of the Union Pacific have so far refused to pay anything on the stock. The large surplus earnings of the system have been, and still are being, expended in improvements and purchases of additional equipment. A large portion of these expenditures has, it seems, been absorbed by the Central Pacific system, which has, for some years, been an integral part of the Southern Pacific and which gives the Union Pacific an outlet from Ogden, Utah, to the Pacific Coast. Owing to the continuance of huge outlays for improvements on this branch of the Southern Pacific, Keene has become obsessed with the suspicion that the Union Pacific directors, which are in control of the Southern Pacific management, are taking unconscionable advan-

tage of their position and opportunity by diverting excessively large amounts of Southern Pacific funds to Central Pacific betterments, simply for the purpose of making the physical and financial condition of the latter branch as perfect as possible before severing it altogether from the Southern Pacific and handing it over to the Union Pacific. The Board of Directors of the Southern Pacific strenuously denies Keene's allegations and makes emphatic avowal of the honesty of its methods towards stockholders. Judging by appearances, there seems to be some basis for Keene's accusation. Yet, even should that really be the case, it is not quite clear on what grounds he expects to win, seeing that a majority of the Southern Pacific directors have given their approval to the disposition of the company's surplus funds. No positive proof of wrongful, illegal diversion of funds has yet been offered. Mere suspicion does not afford sufficient basis for proceedings of the kind instituted against the Southern Pacific. Undoubtedly, they would never have been instituted but for the dissatisfaction which has for some time existed among the members of Keene's "pool." The principal object of the suit is the obtaining of a decree from the court directing the Southern Pacific directors to declare a dividend. Such an order would naturally have the effect of boosting the price of the stock and give the "pool" the long sought-for opportunity to "unload" on outsiders without loss. It may be, likewise, that Keene, when sending instructions to begin proceedings, entertained the secret hope that the Union Pacific directors might endeavor to find their way out of the dilemma by taking over the holdings of the "pool" at a price satisfactory to both sides. Thus it can be seen that the suit has a thoroughly speculative aspect. Whether or not the court will lend its hand to facilitate Keene's adroit scheme, and to help stock-jobbers out of a bad hole, remains to be seen.



### The Maybrick Case

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that Mrs. Maybrick is to be released in May, 1904. This is pleasing news, principally because it holds out the hope that the woman will soon cease to be an object of fulsome commiseration for invertebrate hysterics. That she poisoned her husband has been established beyond the peradventure of a doubt. The punishment inflicted upon her was neither unjust, nor excessive. That she would not have been found guilty by an American jury is likely. English juries are, as a rule, less susceptible to the influence of feminine charms and feminine weeps. The many efforts that have been made to secure her release were based, exclusively, on mushy sentimentality, and instigated by people to whom the tears of a guilty woman are of more importance than is the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." It is all very well to recommend charity to the sinner, especially when the sinner is a woman, yet it will not do to consider punishment of altogether secondary consideration.



### Bryan vs. Reorganizers

THE self-constituted Sheikh-ul-Islam at Lincoln, Neb., is still busy reading (to him) objectionable individuals out of the Democratic party. The latest victim of his verbose wrath is Arthur Pue Gorman, leader of the Democratic minority in the Senate. The man of agile tongue bitterly resents the disposition shown by the Marylander to hasten the approach of the silver faction's euthanasia. That Gorman will worry much over his antagonist's activity is hard to believe. His

political vocabulary does not contain such a word as worry. Gorman will go right ahead in his efforts to side-track Bryan and to cajole the Democratic party into a return to its former noble principles. The more Bryan denounces and anathematizes, the faster his little remaining prestige will decline. He does more than any of his enemies to convince us that he stands only for schism and heresy, things for which the true Democrats never had and never will have any use. A reorganization of the Democratic party is inevitable, and when it has been completed, Bryan will find himself outside the breastworks. Yet, in spite of all that may be said against him, the Lincoln man has served a useful purpose by reminding Democratic leaders that their party cannot hope to win and to retain the affections of the masses of voters except by a steadfast clinging to fundamental Jeffersonian principles and by a refusal to enter into any dishonest, disloyal compacts with that "communism of pelf," that capitalistic greed, the dictatorial attitude of which precipitated the party's downfall and disintegration some seven or eight years ago. In this particular sense, Bryan may be said to have played the part of "shocker," and thus saved the Democratic party from utter ruin.



#### *Fake Paintings*

SOMEBODY has startled the natives in the art communities by declaring that many of the costly paintings in various public and private art galleries are merely skillful forgeries. A well-known art factory in Paris is charged with having been the most industrious in the commission of the heinous crime of palming off spurious paintings on the unsophisticated in art. Intimations are made that even that famous work in the Louvre, the "Crown of Semiramis," is a forgery. Among the managers of the Metropolitan Museum at New York this vague disquieting news from European art centers has created a feeling akin to consternation. And for good reasons. It is well known that various connoisseurs of established reputation have all along been voicing their suspicion of the genuineness of some of the leading features of the collection. Wonder if Morgan, who raised a protest, the other day, against the imposition of one million dollar duties on his imported art treasures, has also been victimized by the "master" manufacturer of Europe? He has been importing paintings in ship-load lots for some years, and it may well be that some of his "masterpieces" are not worth one-tenth the price he paid for them.



#### *An Unkind Cut*

CHILIAN newspapers continue to express their dislike of the Monroe Doctrine. *El Heraldo*, of Valparaiso, vehemently asserts the right of Latin-American republics to attend to their own international affairs, and plainly intimates that the United States has no warrant for assuming the hegemony on the Western hemisphere. This anti-American feeling which exists in Chili and some other countries to the south of us cannot be expected to increase our feeling of solicitude in regard to their future welfare. It is a voice of rank, brazen ingratitude which reaches us from beyond the equator. After having braved the terrible risks involved in reading the riot act to three European powers, and set up guttural howls of indignation every time an English or German shell plowed the air off the Venezuelan coast, we are forced patiently to submit to unkind criticism of our "benevolent" and unselfish attitude towards our fellow republics in Latin America and to swallow calumniating insinuations of the basest sort. This Latin ingratitude is galling. It is enough to induce Mr. Bowen to throw up his job as receiver for Venezuela. It would be very uncivil to say that we are virtually throwing our glittering pearls of kindness before the swine, yet we

are, beyond a doubt, throwing them before a lot of extremely unappreciative fellows, who believe more in Pan-Latinism than in Pan-Americanism. The anti-American agitation in Chili should teach us that it will be the better policy henceforth to mind our own business, rather than that of other nations. The Monroe Doctrine will take care of itself as long as the Stars and Stripes float over the Capitol at Washington. It is no longer necessary for us to make it respected by urging the war and navy departments to make preparations for a demonstration along South American shores every time a European government tries to collect its just claims against a dishonest Latin oligarchy. We have plenty of troubles of our own to attend to. It is the height of folly to look for more elsewhere, simply in order to gratify the bombastic arrogance of a rather numerous class of jingoes, or pseudo-patriots.



#### *Taxing Mortgages*

THERE are people who still believe that there can be such a thing as an effective taxation of mortgages. Among them is Governor Odell, upon whose personal instigation a mortgage taxation bill has been introduced in the State Legislature of New York. Strange how people will cling to cherished delusions of this kind, long after their hollowness and impracticability have been sufficiently demonstrated to every sensible mind. The experiences made in various States with laws of this kind have been such as to discourage all hope that any legislation will ever be devised that shall tax the mortgage held by the mortgagee and prevent a resort to contrivances on the part of the latter to make the mortgagor pay the tax imposed. Effective taxation of mortgages is a consummation devoutly to be wished. It seems, however, that the very devoutness of the wish will forever keep it among the splendid galaxy of "iridescent dreams."



#### *Poor Carnegie*

ANDREW CARNEGIE is still anxious to pay, pay, pay. So much so, in fact, that he has written a letter to President Schurman, in which he humbly asks permission to pay for the filtration plant which it has been decided to install in Cornell University. The institution would like to accept the money, but appears to have some scruples about the propriety of doing so. It is to be hoped that the pig-iron man will eventually be given the sought-for opportunity to pay for the plant. It would be cruel to refuse donations from him who is in perpetual horror of the disgrace of dying with millions of dollars standing to his credit at the bank. The time has certainly not yet arrived when money kings will be unable to spend their "stuff." To allow a man to acquire hundreds of millions of dollars and then to deprive him of all opportunity to get rid of his wealth before his death would be a punishment too Satanic in ingenious refinement to be thought of in this country. Therefore, we demand that poor old Carnegie be given another chance to "blow himself."



#### *Roosevelt's Influence*

THE special session of the Senate, which has just come to an end, gave signal proof of President Roosevelt's assertive and growing influence in legislation and in the guidance of his party's policy and destinies. But for his stubbornness and courage, neither of the two treaties would have received any attention for months to come. It was his insistence upon the redemption of given pledges, his sticking up for the right as he and all honest-thinking people saw it, which roused Republican leaders from their attitude of hostile apathy towards the Cuban treaty and made them realize the dangerous and dishonorable character of the game

they were playing. The President may be said to personify the best that is yet in the Republican party. Take him out of its ranks, and who or what is there left to represent in even a faint way that inspiring idealism which characterized the party forty-five years ago? It is often alleged that President Roosevelt does not accomplish anything, that he is a mere talker and advocate. Yet, has not his advocacy of irrigation, of publicity for trusts, of tariff concessions to Cuba, of the construction of the Isthmian canal, of a larger navy, and various other things, led to tangible, actual results? If he has not compassed all that he set out or promised to do, he has done the very best he could, and that is something for which he must be given both credit and applause. The anti-trust legislation to which he gave the necessary impetus is not what we expected, yet it must be regarded as an earnest attempt to give recognition to the clamorous voice of the people demanding a suppression of monopolies. If the leaders of the Republican party were up to the President's high standard of political morality, there would neither have been a failure of currency legislation, nor an adroit juggling with the ratification terms of the Cuban treaty. It is the Republican majority, and not the President, which must be blamed for the shortcomings of the late Congress.



#### *A Conservative Report*

THE commission's report on the anthracite coal strike, while, substantially, a victory for the miners, is neither startling in its findings, nor radical in its recommendations. It is a sensible, well-considered document, one that is fair to both sides. An adoption of the recommendations made may be expected to ameliorate the spirit of ill-suppressed rancor that has led to many regrettable episodes in the mining regions in the last few years. The operators can well afford to pay the increase in wages and to institute the various reforms regarded as necessary by the commission. Judging by their actions on like occasion in the past, and by recently made statements, they will, no doubt, make an effort to reimburse themselves by increasing the price of coal to consumers. The public always gets the worst in conflicts of this kind. There is little probability that the prices of anthracite coal will, within the next few years, recede to the level which prevailed before the inauguration of the strike in 1902. All the more reason exists, therefore, for encouraging the introduction of cheaper and better sorts of fuel. There should certainly be some way by which the monopolizing of fuel can be rendered, if not impossible, at least more difficult.



#### *From Chicago to Buenos Ayres*

WITH the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty, the plans to construct an intercontinental railway, extending from New York and Chicago in the North to Buenos Ayres in the Far South, are attracting more attention than they ever did in the last ten years. Experienced railroad financiers and engineers consider the scheme a perfectly feasible and meritorious one. An intercontinental railway of this magnitude should, undoubtedly, prove a valuable means to increase trade relations between the United States and the Latin countries of Central and South America, and, incidentally, impress European powers in a very direct and forcible manner with the necessity of keeping hands off this hemisphere. In fact, a vast railroad system connecting Lake Michigan with the Straits of Magellan would be more effective than increased navies and armies in preventing possible violations of the Monroe Doctrine. Years ago, a commission was appointed, with A. J. Cassatt, now President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at its head, and empowered to investigate into the feasibility of the inter-

continental railway scheme. This commission put three corps of engineers into the field, which made complete surveys of the contemplated route. The report of the engineering corps was published in 1895. According to findings therein, about one-half of the approximate distance of ten thousand five hundred miles from New York to Buenos Ayres was then completed and in operation, most of the completed part being in the United States, Mexico and Argentine. The cost of completing the line was estimated at \$175,000,000. Owing to the enhancement of prices of material and supplies, which has occurred since 1895, this estimate must unquestionably be regarded as too low at present. Perhaps \$200,000,000 would be a safer estimate to make in 1903. This intercontinental railway project opens up a vast vista of possibilities. It is fascinating in its potentialities. A materialization of it would, perhaps, be productive of more tangible and more satisfactory results than even the much-advertised Trans-Siberian Railway system. Vast empires of fabulous agricultural, mineral and industrial wealth still lie buried in the interior of South America. They only wait for steam and electricity and capital and the right sort of human energy to yield their treasures to civilization. A completion of the intercontinental railway is equally as desirable as that of the Panama Canal. Both will mark the beginning of new and memorable epochs in the world's history. And both will mean much to the people of St. Louis and the Mississippi Valley.



## The Charlatan

A RECENT writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* had the temerity to class some of our students of animal life and habits among the charlatans, and for this he has been severely taken to task in the columns of a Boston newspaper. At the hour of going to press, the controversy is still raging in a most violent form. Both sides appear to be in possession of a vocabulary of profane etiquette that is remarkably wide in its range. The gentlemen should calm themselves. They should be advised to cover the corporate limits of their cerebellum with a sufficient amount of heat-repressing ice. The whole affair looks like a tempest in a tea-pot. Why should anybody get excited these days over being called a charlatan? There is nothing offensive or humiliating in this term. For is not every genius a charlatan? There are men who would prefer to be known as charlatans rather than anything else. Charlatanry runs the world. Every leading statesman, philosopher, scientist and litterateur is a charlatan. They cannot be anything else, for charlatanry is the highest pinnacle of glory accessible to mortality. We are all charlatans, and the fellow that does not recognize this must be a fool. We are constantly posing, shamming and pretending. And the more successful we are in our little tricks, the more we are applauded by an admiring world. Yes, charlatanry is the only thing that counts and achieves, and that makes life at all bearable and reasonable.



## King's Highway

THE improvement of King's Highway, as proposed in the commission's report, should be undertaken without unnecessary delay. Every public-spirited citizen is in favor of it. St. Louis is badly in need of a boulevard of this kind. For a city of seven hundred thousand people, with a World's Fair in prospect, it should have not one, but several magnificent boulevards. The topography of this locality readily lends itself to the construction of fine thoroughfares and the establishment of parks. The commission estimates the total cost of the contemplated improvements at \$1,500,000. This is a comparatively modest sum, and one that St. Louis can easily afford to pay, in view of the necessity of the undertaking, and the æsthetic and material ad-

vantages in which it will result. The establishment of six parks along the boulevard alone is worth the estimated sum. Among the many things which St. Louisans are now favoring or advocating, there is none that more deserves enthusiastic support than the improvement of King's Highway. A boulevard connecting the extreme northern and southern parts of the city and the various parks, and constructed in accordance with the most modern plans and artistic requirements, will surely be something that is calculated to stimulate the pride of every St. Louisan. Let the good work proceed, without any shabby haggling over appropriations. And after it has been completed, no time must be lost in the construction of a few more boulevards. When it comes to plans of beautifying the city in a rational manner, the curmudgeons among taxpayers will have to take a back seat. It is a pity that, apparently, nothing can be done to redeem the long water front from its present condition of decay and uselessness. If preceding generations had exercised a little bit of foresight, the river front would now be one of the most attractive features of St. Louis.



## The Terminal Ordinances

THE three Terminal Association measures pending in the Municipal Assembly should be passed. There can be no valid objection raised to any of them. The company intends to spend more than two million dollars on various improvements which the rapidly enlarging passenger and freight traffic of the city urgently demand. One of the principal objects of the proposed expenditures is the abolition of the tunnel nuisance. After they have been sufficiently strengthened and provided with better facilities, the elevated tracks will be used by all trains running to and from Eads bridge, the tunnel to be reserved for freight trains exclusively. This contemplated innovation must not be delayed by petty higgling in the Municipal Assembly. The company shows a laudable disposition to meet the wishes of the public, and deserves to be given ample time to execute the work before the opening of the World's Fair. In matters of this kind, it is impossible to satisfy everybody. There are always some who consider themselves aggrieved, or think they know more than everybody else. Their objections must not be permitted to frustrate the wishes of ninety-nine per cent of the people of this city. Pass the bills and give the company a chance to spend the money and do part of its work in behalf of the New St. Louis.



## An Excitative Production

SARAH BERNHARDT is said to be making a great hit with her impersonation of *Werther*, the hero of Goethe's well-known tale of adolescent love, pessimism and despair. As a result of the successful production of this dramatization, the Paris police department is kept extremely busy in trying to prevent adle-brained men and women from emulating the tearful Goethian hero by doing away with themselves. This outcome could have been foreseen. *Werther* is a fiction character that appeals powerfully to youthful, or immature, or abnormal minds with a leaning towards hysterical erotomania. It fairly teems with clap-trap pessimism, with absurdly bombastic descriptions of amatory sufferings, with unrestrained gushing of bathos and astounding railings against the mockeries of a Fate that will not permit the innocent swain to mate with the innocent maiden. That a dramatic production of this kind should make such a powerful impression upon the youth of Paris is another striking proof of the excitability and unsteadiness of French character. No normal-minded and normal-hearted individual will find anything incitative of despondency and suicide in this story, which Goethe wrote at the virid age of twenty, or at an age when the average young man has more of the

irregularly-flowing sap than of the aristocratically serene intellect. It is well known that the great German poet-philosopher often expressed regret towards the end of his life at having written "*Werther*," the ethical teachings of which he afterwards refuted in such a profound manner in the second part of his "*Faust*."



## The Cleveland Election

THE indomitable "Tom" Johnson has been renominated for the office of Mayor of Cleveland. There is a good prospect that he will be re-elected. He stands squarely on a platform which antagonizes the portly Marcus Alonzo Hanna and the street car syndicate. "Tom" is enthusiastically supported by his cohorts, and as he has a sufficient amount of pluck, energy and cash, he may be expected to give Hanna's mannikin candidate the fight of his life. The tussle between "Tom" and Marcus is still being waged on the old issue, involving a reduction of street car fares to three cents. Marcus owns the street car lines and coddles them as his "savings bank," and "Tom" believes and declares that Marcus owns and enjoys more than he is entitled to. The fight is an unusually interesting one. A decisive victory will make "Tom" a much more conspicuous figure in State and National politics than he is at present. The efforts of Hanna to beat the millionaire reformer are, of course, vigorously seconded by that wing of Ohio Democracy which is under the leadership of McLean.



## The Woman Diplomat

EUROPEAN statesmen appear to be afraid of the American woman in international politics. While we do not wish to brag, we cannot refrain from stating that there is good ground for this fear. For, as a matter of fact, the American woman can give European fogies cards and spades in effective diplomacy and politics. She is, so to say, to the manner born. The love of politics is one of the innate traits in the nature of every American man and woman. Add to this natural liking for, and skill in, political engagements the power which feminine physical grace and charms give the possessor, and you have a combination that is "hard to beat," and that is calculated to unhorse the most skillful diplomatic tactician.



## SPECULATIVE BORROWINGS

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

NEW YORK financiers are still borrowing abroad. The other day, when the surplus reserves of the Associated Banks were practically exhausted, they found themselves compelled to ask foreign bankers for about \$75,000,000, in order to prevent a disastrous upheaval in speculative markets. As money is at present fairly abundant in Continental centers, especially in Paris and Berlin, they experienced no difficulty in obtaining the amount desired, but it is understood that they had to agree to pay an unusually high rate of interest upon the loan. If it had not been for this large transaction, exports of gold could hardly have been prevented, as the sterling exchange rate was at the time fully up to the level permitting withdrawals.

The obliging attitude on the part of European financiers has excited considerable comment, especially since it is known that they were indisposed to accommodate Wall street last fall, when the Secretary of the Treasury had to resort to all sorts of devices to preserve the stability of financial markets. It is generally assumed that the opinion must be growing in money centers abroad that there is no better way in which idle capital could possibly be employed than by putting it into loans secured by American securi-

## OUR SURPLUS WATERS

BY M. W. CONNOLLY.

(Editor the Memphis Commercial-Appeal.)

*But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.*

—MOORE.

ties of the better class. This assumption may be too optimistic or too rash, yet there is some warrant for it, and it is, seemingly, encouraged by late utterances of such a high authority on international finance as the *London Statist*, which is still under the impression that the United States will always be able to command an unlimited supply of European capital.

The *London Times*, on the other hand, is distinctly pessimistic regarding the financial and economic future of America. This is what it said, the other day: "The mysteriously large reductions of net deposits effected in the last quarter of 1902 have been the result of transfers of indebtedness to European capitalists, who were ready, for a handsome consideration, to take over, for a time, these attempts to put off the evil day when the United States business world will have to own that it has bitten off more than it can chew." These late statements of the *Thunderer* are in accord with those made in its columns some months ago, and are re-echoed, in much the same form, by the staid and cautious *Economist*, which appears to be particularly disgusted with the antics of American markets and market leaders.

That we are heavily indebted to Europe is generally admitted. The indebtedness is probably larger now than it was last summer, when estimates ranged between three hundred and four hundred million dollars. We can no longer brag of tremendous international trade balances in our favor. If they ever existed in fact, they have disappeared without leaving any traces behind them. Statisticians of an exceedingly light caliber are still figuring it out, to their own satisfaction, that Europe owes us at least fifteen hundred million dollars, and whenever their figures are inserted in the columns of papers which can see nothing but prosperity around them, a great ado is being made of our invincible position in the world's finance and trade, and nothing at all is said about the strange behavior of foreign exchange rates, which are constantly pulling up to the gold-exporting point. Any person of the least axiomatic knowledge of matters of this kind should know that a balance of trade in our favor and a high sterling exchange rate cannot go together, that one excludes the other.

The speculative markets in Wall street are upheld by foreign capital. A withdrawal of that support would spell ruin to all those who hold more stock than is good for them and compel the "pools" and syndicates to retire from active life. This dependence upon foreign assistance has its serious dangers, because it fosters the craze of speculation in Wall street, and encourages that manipulation of corporate capital which has been such a startling feature of American finance for some years past. It is well known that neither the Burlington-Northern Pacific-Great Northern, nor the United States Steel, nor the Mercantile Marine Trust "deals" could have been successfully effected but for the large amounts of funds advanced to us by European bankers, who had no special use for them at home. The larger share of the ship trust capital is still being carried abroad with borrowed money, and J. P. Morgan is anxiously waiting for an opportunity to dispose of his onerous burden to people who have more cash than sense.

About three years ago, when we repurchased our securities from Europeans, a great shout went up over the approaching financial independence of the United States. We were disposed to pat each other on the back and to indulge in pompous talk regarding our ability to finance our own affairs. Our jollification has been very premature, however. For here we are again, after the lapse of only three years, borrowing right and left, in London, Paris and Berlin, in any old place in fact, because we "need the money" to keep our financial ship on an even keel and our stock and bond factories in uninterrupted operation.

FAITH was never stronger in any sect or system, plan or theory, cult or confession than it is in the efficacy of the levee system now on trial in the lower Mississippi Valley. Its advocates and defenders display an intolerance and a bigotry worthy of dominant sectarianism in any age of the world when the possessor of the sword also possessed the "true faith" and all else were "infidels" and "heretics." This faith in the levee system is a growth and it is rooted in a logic as infirm as the ancient syllogistic mode of reasoning. Like the tariff-according-to-Hancock, it is a local issue, and so long as it remained a local issue its benefits were undisputed. When A. could throw up an embankment (a small one was all-sufficient), and turn the waters from his plantation to drown-out B. on the other side of the river, no argument could convince him that the levee was not a blessing. His neighbor shared his opinion and emulated his example until one side of the Mississippi River was leveed and riparian lands given immunity from overflows. Overflows were never very great in those days, because the expansive watershed had not been cleaned up and the melting snows and falling rains met with many impediments to detain them on their way to the rivulets and never came down in a tidal wave, as now. Secure behind his levee, the advocate of the system could not doubt the evidence of his eyes. He saw the mad, muddy waters rush by, leaving him unscathed, while his *vis-à-vis*, across the river, who had no levee, was submerged. To the suggestion that the overflow was beneficial in that it enriched and fructified the land by leaving on it, every year, alluvial deposits, the answer was that the land is composed of alluvial deposits and cannot wear out and that it needs no nourishment—an assertion for which there was much show of reason, but which has proven a fallacy in many conspicuous instances. Suggestions of auxiliary aids to the levees aroused angry protest and inflamed indignation among those who are firm and unyielding in the belief that the levee is the only and onliest and all-sufficient protection, and anything new is not merely an act of harmless supererogation, but that it is positively vicious and heterodox; and they are resented with the same intensity and phrenetic energy with which the late John Kensit resented the introduction of ritualism and sacerdotalism in the Church of England. Levees gave way now and then and the onrush of pent waters scarified plantations and everything in their wake was carried away, including forests of giant trees; but this was not because the levee system is faulty, but because the levees were not strong enough. More levees and bigger levees were called for. The levee-contractors, the big merchants who furnish them and the farmers who supply them mules and fodder and all those who are beneficiaries of levee-building, enthusiastically favor the theory and as a last, irrefragable and unanswerable argument one can hear: "The levees do no harm, at least, and we want the money down here."

The present overflow is causing many people to think. Conditions have changed. The watershed has been denuded of its trees and dead leaves and the reservoirs which nature used to provide and which held back the waters are gone and the rains and melting snows slip over the surface or rush through

artificial avenues of escape and come tumbling down upon the valley, as the waters "come down at Lodore," overwhelming the lowlands. What is good for the goose is believed good for the gander and the owners of riparian lands on the other side of the river have taxed themselves and invoked the aid of the government to build levees and an effort is being made to hold the Mississippi at flood-tide between two banks of mud. The undertaking is magnificent in its audacity, but it is not yet a demonstrated success. The old levees are holding out, thanks to the heroic efforts of the water-fighters, partly, and somewhat to the fact that the new levees on the opposite side of the river are giving way and emptying the swollen river into the vast basins. Indeed, the breaking of a levee on one side of the river is such a certain relief to the levee on the opposite side that all levees are guarded by armed men, who have orders to shoot to prevent their being cut by interested parties. The question as to whether or not levees on each side of the river, strong enough to confine the waters to a given channel, would raise the river bed by depositing thereon silt, sediment and solid matter held in suspension, may be here pretermitted. There are those who believe that confining the waters will deepen the river by "scouring" or erosion, but the data upon which to base such a belief are not available. We know that the current at the bottom of a river crawls along at a snail's pace, being retarded by friction, while, at the top, it runs with greater velocity, being free, and because it has a precipitation equal to the depth of the river. According to some respectable authorities the Yellow River in China, which had been immured between walls of mud for centuries, disproves the theory of scouring. These levees had been strengthened annually by the patient Chinamen, who made up in numbers what they lacked in earth-moving facilities, until they reached towering heights and, when the levee finally gave way, submerged a province, and drowned 6,000,000 people, it was found that the bed of the river, which was supposed to be a channel, was in reality twenty-one feet higher than the level of the land on either side. I am aware that this history is disputed by some authorities, whose opinions are entitled to great respect. But dispensing with all this and conceding for the nonce that the levees are all that their advocates claim for them; or, if they are a delusion, philosophically realizing that a delusion, as long as it lasts, is as good as a reality, the presence of much surplus water is a fact and how to get rid of it is a problem.

A clearer understanding of this question may be obtained by a few comparisons of the capacity and discharge of the greatest rivers in the world with the area which they drain. First comes the Amazon, which drains 2,230,000 square miles and discharges annually 528 cubic miles of water. The Congo drains 1,540,000 square miles and discharges annually 419 cubic miles of water. The Plate river, Rio de la Plata, drains only 995,000 square miles, but discharges 189 cubic miles of water each year. The Mississippi river drains 1,290,000 square miles and discharges 126 cubic miles of water annually, while the Nile, which drains exactly the same area and whose welcome waters fructify the rich valley, discharges only 24 cubic miles of water. This is explainable on the ground that there is less rainfall on the watershed of the Nile and greater evaporation along its course than elsewhere. The great dam which the British have just completed at Assouan will hold the waters and subject them to greater evaporation and no doubt perceptibly lessen the annual discharge. This evaporation must be taken into account. The rivers Murghab, Heri-rud, Zerafsham and others in Central Asia,

are of considerable size in certain places, but the evaporation is so great that they have no outlets, but are lost in the sands and air. The Mississippi river, in addition to discharging 126 cubic miles of water annually, is a great freight handler, also, and carries down solid matter held in suspension every year sufficient to cover one square mile to a height of 241 feet; and during great overflows this amount is increased perhaps to half a cubic mile of solid matter. The cause of overflows and the sad devastation of the lower valleys is because this water does not reach the ocean fast enough. It is held back and piled up. Could it be discharged into the ocean, all would be well. Every one will admit that there is no danger of overflowing the ocean. Floods do not affect it. Droughts do not shrink it. It is ever the same, ever hungry to take into its capacious maw everything that comes to it. This will be admitted even by those who esteem Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean" an extravagant rhapsody. If this surplus water were discharged into the ocean, it could not vex the valleys. To the task of getting rid of this water the authorities have not addressed themselves. For this they are in no wise to blame, because their jurisdiction does not extend to tide-water and their efforts are confined to protecting their own districts. But the fact remains that our surplus waters tarry in the valley, piled up because they have not sufficient outlets to reach the sea. When the great St. Louisan, James B. Eads, projected the jetties it was thought that forcing the water through them would deepen the channel by scouring. Results have not vindicated the prediction. To force the water through this channel all other outlets and old passes, the Southwestern pass, the Southeastern pass, a'Loutre or the other pass, were neglected and encouraged to fill up. The result is that the Mississippi river below New Orleans is not as large as either the Ohio or the Mississippi above Cairo and the Eads jetties are only 1,000 feet wide and 30 feet deep; and through this it is sought to force a river that is at some points a mile wide, or 40 miles wide, as at Memphis when the St. Francis Basin fills up, and from 10 to 100 feet deep. The result is, the neck of the bottle being too small, it chokes up, backing the waters in the valley and making of the Mississippi river an inland sea. Government figures establish this fact and it is not necessary to join John Cowden in advocating outlets and fighting levees, but in advocating outlets as aids and auxiliaries to the levees. When the water at Cairo was 35 feet, the gauge at New Orleans showed 17 feet. Of late the gauge at New Orleans touched 20 feet. This means that the Mississippi river at New Orleans was 20 feet higher than sea-level because it could not escape by the narrow and circuitous route provided for it, while, at the same time, by dredging a channel into Lake Borgne, which is sea-level, a distance of five miles, beginning five or six miles below the Crescent City, a route to the sea would be provided about 100 miles shorter with a precipitation of two feet to the mile. It requires no very great sapientcy to discern that this would carry off much surplus water. Another outlet could be provided on the west side of the river by an opening 15 miles in length into Barataria Bay, which is the ocean, beginning 20 miles below New Orleans. This also would shorten the pilgrimage of the waters to the sea seven fold, and, at the present stage, have a precipitation of 20 feet in the 15 miles. But should these outlets not prove adequate to relieve the situation, there are others. The Atchafalaya, the deepest river in the world, ranging from 150 to 200 feet deep, can be reached at or near Natchez, making of that city a seaport town after some jetty work in the gulf is carefully provided, and this would shorten the distance from Natchez to tide water 200 miles as compared to the

distance from Natchez to Port Eads. The question is to get rid of the surplus waters by emptying them into the sea and here is a simple solution which any layman can understand. A fact which should be noted in this connection is, that while the river in front of New Orleans is normally about 60 feet deep, it is only 30 feet deep between the jetties, which means that the momentum of the floods and the propulsive or pushing powers of the back waters must force 126 cubic miles of water and a large part of 400,000,000 tons of solid matter up and over a hill 30 feet high in order to reach the sea. An ordinary apprehension of the laws of gravitation will reveal the magnitude of such a task. New Orleans has always opposed the outlet system, fearing that it would militate against her access to tide-water on the Eads theory of scouring the channel; but the great engineer knew nothing of the present perfection of the floating hydraulic dredges which can keep a channel open, independent of any theory, and New Orleans will always be assured of deep water. The people of the great lower valley must, in self-defense, see to it that the waters are given an outlet to the sea, if they are to avoid the calamities and catastrophes of broken levees and resultant floods.

Memphis, March 23, 1903.



## A CANDID AUTHOR

BY CHARLES F. LELAND.

WHEN the sagacious Talleyrand uttered the dictum "*le style c'est l'homme*," he gave expression, perhaps unconsciously, to a profound truth. For there is nothing that is better calculated to reveal a man's character, his inner self, than the style or mode in which he expresses his thoughts. It is, undoubtedly, for this very reason that we are all so fond of reading the autobiographies of great men. Could there be anything more revelative of individual thought and character than the great Edward Gibbon's autobiography, or, to cite a more recent instance, the "Notebook" of Matthew Arnold? Both of these books give us well-nigh complete character-photographs, and tell us in a most interesting manner of the mould and growth of thought and feeling of the great historian of Rome and the brilliant critic of literature and art.

The writer who takes us into his confidence charms, even fascinates us. For the sake of candor, says the London *Spectator*, men will forgive almost anything, so intense is the natural desire to analyze and to know the human heart. It is the story of a man's thoughts, not his acts, that we all want to know, and it is just this story which so few men have power to tell. Perhaps it was never better told than two thousand three hundred years ago—the date assigned by the latest Hebrew scholars to the Book of Ecclesiastes. We know what the writer of it thought about life and about death, about the poor and the rich, about men and about women; how the eternal problems of religion tortured his spirit in his youth, and what conclusion he came to in his old age. His conviction that there is nothing new under the sun is strangely illustrated to us as we read his writings to-day. The truth is the one thing that keeps fresh. Any affectation is like a fly in the ointment.

The author of Ecclesiastes describes his outward state vividly and concisely. It is merely the gorgeous background against which he desires to show his inward misery. He is a very rich man, able, accomplished, probably of royal blood. "Whatsoever mine eyes desired," he tells us, "I kept not from them. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and

orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born to my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me; I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat the men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great." Such was the home of a rich Oriental when our European ancestors were mere savages.

In the year 400 B. C., as in 1903 A. D., "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing," and the master of all these delightful possessions finds them altogether vanity. Still cruder methods of obtaining happiness he tries. "I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine," and "to lay hold on folly," but in license, as in luxury, he finds only vexation of spirit. A very modern virtue distracts his mind from his enjoyments. He cannot get rid of the sense of pity. On the side of the oppressors is power, and the poor have no comforter. The sight of the "evil work" of these oppressors maddens him. He would gladly help the down-trodden. He despises those who suffer the pangs of compassion and do nothing to alleviate suffering—the people who sit still and eat their hearts out.

"The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh," he exclaims. Yet he himself cannot see what to do. Prosperity does not solve the question of residuum. "When goods increase, they are increased that eat them." Very wisely said, indeed, and an up-to-date description of things economic that could not possibly be improved upon. The author feels, moreover, that the worth of all action is brought down by the constant menace of death. Death is forever peeping over our shoulders, and showing us the vanity of effort. Philanthropist and pauper both perish together. The fear of annihilation has a strong hold on the preacher and paralyzes him at every turn.

In another mood, the question of poverty appears to him in a fairer light. He envies the sweet sleep of the laboring man. The dignity of agriculture gilds the sordid side of toil. "The profit of the earth is for all," he reflects; "the king himself is served by the field." There are points at which the life of the laboring classes compares favorably with his own. Evidently, he has been deeply impressed by the serenity and patience of the poor in the face of suffering and death, while the rich man "hath much sorrow and wrath with his sickness." Again, with the strange moral insight which belongs to his race, and remains with its sons however earthy they may become, he perceives that the power to oppress is hardly a benefit. It is one of the evils which he sees under the sun that "one man ruleth over another to his own hurt." A great man may live in bondage to a tyrannical temper. "Better," he says, "is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished. For out of prison he cometh to reign." Inquisitorial power is to be eschewed by those who seek happiness. "Take no heed unto all words that are spoken," he writes; "lest thou hear thy servant curse thee; for oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others."

Being a Jew, intellectual pleasures are exceedingly keen to the Oriental philosopher, and he is not without intellectual arrogance. Perhaps with knowledge will come satisfaction. "I applied my heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things;" but happiness still eludes him, and impossibility of philosophic assurance and the abso-

lute certainty of death make him give up the pursuit. "Then said I in my heart, as it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise?"

Diametrically opposed sentiments do not startle the reader in these pages. Every man who has the heart to note down the incidents of his inner life must register contradictions. His reason and his conviction are constantly at variance. Consistency belongs to self-suppression rather than to self-revelation. "Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged—" we find Ecclesiastes declaring, "yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God." Within a page he argues that "there is no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry," because "there be just men, unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked; again, there be wicked men, to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous."

With cynical precision we are told that he has never met a really good woman, and seldom a really good man. "Counting one by one, to find out the account: which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all these have I not found." Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he exclaims, in an outburst of piety, "lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."

He continually expresses his adherence to the doctrines of Epicurus. Life is so pitifully short and insignificant. So why should we constantly worry and fret and strive? He, the Preacher, will live to enjoy. But his determination is upset again, all at once, by "the spirit of man that goeth upward."

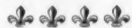
In a search after wisdom, no Jew could forget the principles of religion. As was inevitable to a man of his type, the ordinary religious services of his day failed to satisfy. The many empty ceremonials of the temple disgusted and repelled him. No wise man has ever despised, however, the reading of the Scriptures. "Be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifices of fools," he says to himself. "God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few." Why should men elaborate their ignorance? he seems to wonder. "For a dream cometh through the multitude of business, and a fool's voice is known by multitude of words." Still he does not call in question the existence of a Deity. "In the multitude of dreams and many words," he reflects, "there are also divers vanities: but fear thou God."

As we approach the end of this strange book, we find less reasoning and more convictions. The author is, apparently, in a state of intellectual weariness. He recognizes that this ceaseless wonderings and anxiety, this living in the presence of death, will tie his hands and make his life absolutely barren of enjoyment and achievement. And so he determines to cease speculating and to turn his face away from his last end. It is, he realizes, the only way to accomplish anything. He begins to "cast" his "bread upon the waters," to work without too much thought of results. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that retardeth the clouds shall not reap," he declares to be his experience. "Therefore, in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

As the time approaches when the pitcher "shall be broken at the fountain," and "the spirit shall return unto God who gave it," the terror of death seems to forsake him, and out of the wearing sense of responsibility he has never wholly shaken off arises a hope of a future life. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing," he concludes, and

we feel that he would rather wake to judgment than sleep forever.

Did this man really live so long ago? It seems impossible. The doubts and discontents he endured, the problems and possibilities he discussed, are so exactly like our own. We are constrained to believe his own words: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, 'see, this is new?' It hath been already of old time, which was before us."



## ETHICAL CONSIDERATIONS

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

MUCH is said and written at the present time in relation to honesty and dishonesty in business. Among the polemics college professors are, as usual, the most prominent, and particularly outspoken in their advocacy of high ethical principles in business methods and transactions. The various donations to educational institutions appear to have aroused their suspicions and rendered their moral perceptive power most acute and penetrating. After concluding their investigations and cogitations on results obtained, they have formed the conclusion that business morality is at a very low ebb at present, that, as *Hamlet* says, "to be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

The college professors are performing a useful and timely service. Their notions may be based, to a large extent, on utterly impracticable ideals, yet there is, unquestionably, a certain degree of truth in their statements that honesty in business has become a *rara avis*; that the conscience of the average business man has been stretched so much that it can no longer be called conscience; that lying and cheating are now regarded necessary ingredients of successful business principles, and that the man that does not or cannot stretch his conscience is doomed eventually to be pushed to the wall by his rivals.

It is certainly dispiriting to be forced to realize that no one, in this age, can hope to succeed in business competition by applying the rigid standard of Christian ethics to his methods of doing business. Much as we admire the fine abstract truth of the teachings of the Nazarene, much as we realize that their practical adoption would go a long way towards making this a better and happier world, we cannot, at the same time, ignore those results of personal experience which teach us that the average business man of the twentieth century is as far from Christ's ideal as was his forerunner of the first century. Why is this? Why do we smile in a cynical sort of way at the man who proclaims that he is strictly honest in business, that he never takes an undue advantage of his fellow-man? We are Christians; we like to be called honest; we admire honesty in the abstract and in others, yet we do not practice it as we should, and make a mockery of it every time it comes into conflict with an excellent opportunity of increasing our worldly possessions.

The reason of this jarring dissonance must be sought in the all-pervading anxiety to "get on," to acquire a fortune, no matter how, which induces us, at moments when conscience reproaches us for certain things, to seek consolation in the reflection that everybody else is doing the same thing. It is success that counts the most nowadays. Morality is a *quantité négligeable*. What is morality good for, anyway? asks the "successful" business man. It may be a good thing for professors and theologians to argue about, but it is of no earthly use in business. It does not pay. The only morality that deserves any attention is that recognized and enforced by man-made law. A violation of that morality must be guarded against, but that other thing which "doctrinaires" are forever theorizing about, and which is held up to us as the very fundament of all law and

religion, is merely gab, *une plaisanterie*, the value of which is on a parity with that of the equality of men.

Success—yes, success, as the world knows it—is the only thing at present. Success is the only proper ideal to which we should aspire, which should absorb all our intellectual energies, and if, in seeking it, we are frequently compelled to do violence to certain moral principles, so much the worse for morality.

Yes, we would like to be honest, but existing conditions prevent our being so. Therefore, it is not the individual so much as existing organized society which must be condemned for the deplorable disregard of moral principles in business. Change society, or make it see the necessity of establishing a different moral code in business, and everything will be well and as it should be. But who is to make this change, or to bring about the adoption of a different moral code? How can we hope for successful reform, for the introduction of a true Christian standard of ethics, when the average man looks more to material than to spiritual success, when he considers the dollar more of a compensation than the praise of a healthy conscience?

Just consider all the trickery, deception and lying which make up the business daily transacted on the New York stock exchange! The purchases and sales are all made according to prescribed methods, and the law protects them. Yet most of these transactions could not stand the searchlight of a pure conscience, and are no more in harmony with true Christian ethics than are the methods of the briber or of the highwayman. However, in spite of this, no one thinks the worse of the buyers and the sellers. Why? Because it is done by everybody, not alone in Wall street, but in every mart, in every channel of recognized trade.

Considerations or statements of this kind may not be palatable, yet they are based on actual facts. Every intelligent man and woman knows that the Lie is a silent partner in every business enterprise, and, in most cases, the most influential member of the co-partnership. The Lie is in evidence everywhere; it is almighty; it is even respected and honored. As a spiritual force, it is at least at the present time, more of a power even than Truth.



## IN RE ROOSEVELT

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

AS between the bigotry of political critics who seek to belittle or ridicule him, and the prejudice of admirers who would idealize his every word and act, Theodore Roosevelt's character as an executive and as a man have been woefully distorted by writers and publicists of all sorts. The subject would have been worn threadbare long ago if more of his censors and flatterers had come closer to the truth. Now, for the second time, he is about to make a grand tour of the Western States, this time under conditions far more favorable for a fair and unbiased study of the man, since no campaign in which he is involved is in progress.

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards negro office-seekers, his respectable treatment of Booker T. Washington, his apparent determination to act up to his conception of the laws of God and man, as applied to the "inferior race," have been turned to the uses of scurrile writers and talkers who could find no other basis for attack, and, on the other side, to fulsome adulation from those who would coddle the negroes into ultimate worthlessness if they had their way. In the South, a preacher suggested that the way to settle the "nigger question" was to drive all the blacks into the ocean; in the North another clergyman, of equal mental and moral stature, said that "intermarriage with whites was the true solution of the race

problem." Partisan newspapers frothed or approved, the one with frantic misrepresentations—the other with mouthy defences.

As a matter of fact, Roosevelt, in his official relations with negro office-holders and office-seekers, has in no way departed from the precedents set by his predecessors. Negro Congressmen and officials have always had access to the White House, have always been treated with the same official courtesy extended to white men and have always been considered as eligible candidates for public office. Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley—all entertained negroes who, by their rank in public life, or by their eminence in the professions or in the service of their race, were entitled to that official courtesy incumbent upon the Presidents of the United States. The Booker T. Washington incident was the spark that started all the fireworks about the "race problem," but that, as I understand it, was the unforeseen result of the President's peculiar knack of sticking to the business in hand till it is settled. Washington came in the morning for a conference about appointments in the South; the talk lasted longer than expected; luncheon was announced by one of the White House servants. The President suggested that his guest "have a bite." The guest accepted.

Setting aside the fact that Washington is the foremost man of his race; an example to all the rest and a modest, scholarly, non-political educator; that the result of the conference was the appointment of more white Democrats than negro Republicans; that the meal, or tiffin, or whatever it was, was wholly an unpremeditated and yet essential bit of hospitality, I yet fail to understand wherein it gives excuse, much less honest motive, for all the lies and vituperation that followed. However, it is still less reasonable to say that Roosevelt proposes to become the personal champion of the negroes or that he would raise the blacks suddenly to social equality with the whites. As a matter of plain fact, Roosevelt is as unlikely to "make much" of the negro simply because he is a negro, as he is incapable of petting the German, the Irish, or any other race or tribe of fellow citizens.

The inconsistency of the public clamor which has been raging recently in regard to Roosevelt's attitude on the "race problem" becomes self-evident when one notices the practical politicians of his own party accusing him of "playing politics" while the Democrats are swearing final hostility against the man who "would raise the nigger to our own social level." If he were playing politics, he would never have given the enemy a chance to make a mountain out of the Washington mole-hill and subsequent fair dealings with the blacks; and if he were of a mind to pamper the "coon," he would not have gone to the pains of rigidly examining and weighing the claims to preferment offered by every negro applicant for office, as he has done.

My criticisms of Theodore Roosevelt as a President of the United States would be that he interests himself actively in too many matters that his predecessors evaded or assigned to less responsible factors in the government. His readiness to shoulder every responsibility is one of the temperamental characteristics of the man; one that absolves him of being a finished politician and yet lays him open to many grave official dangers. The strenuous, incessant and alert physical and mental habits of Roosevelt; the catholicity of his interest in affairs; the irrepressible desire to be doing that which seems his duty; the insatiate wish to know about everything and to "know for himself;" the willingness, amounting almost to a passion, "to lend a hand," to put his shoulder to the wheel; these are some of the qualities which, in individual expression, amount to virtues extraordinary,

and yet, in a President of the United States, may lead the possessor and practitioner of them into the focus of fair criticism and even respectful hostility.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the writer has always believed that one of the most popular and most successful acts of President Roosevelt has been and is his worst mistake. I mean his interference in the coal strike. Of course, its success may be pointed at as the best argument for its wisdom, but there be many old-fashioned Americans who love Theodore Roosevelt, yet who have a different conception of the scope and function of his high office, and who even now shudder to think of what might have happened if that extraordinary interference of the President, in a purely private cabal, had resulted differently.

No President has had so great a power over Congress as Roosevelt and none has dared to exercise it so assiduously and so well. He has set his hand to the work of getting this or that good act of legislation done and if he could not get all that he wanted, he took what he could get. But he has never failed to gain at least a modicum of that which he set out to win. As "a personal equation" he has been more felt in the Senate of the United States than any other President since Lincoln. But he has had to pay, and will have to pay, the price. For every measure trimmed, modified or emasculated by the Congress, Roosevelt will hear the howls of "Half Measures," "Log Rolling," "Concessions to the Trusts," "Grand Stand Play!" That is because he never hesitates to take the initiative; to "start something;" to fight for a whole loaf, but to take the half if he can do no better.

It may be, and circumstances have seemed to prove, that the Roosevelt style of President is the kind this Nation needs in its new and singularly positive attitude towards the rest of the world. But the old and tried idea was that the Chief Executive should be less of a legislator; that he should wait longer and bide warily upon the wishes of the people as expressed by their congressional agents; that he should be the mouthpiece rather than the voice of the law; that he should be an impersonal actuary for final and not initial action; not the driving-wheel, but the governor of the national engine. It is hard for very conservative students of American history and traditions to get away from this long-accepted notion of what our President should be, and yet if it must be abandoned for the more heroic and effective methods of Roosevelt, it would be hard to find a better exemplar of the strenuous democratic ruler.

Having no partisan prejudices and having the advantage of a long and friendly personal acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt under varying conditions very favorable for a study of his character and methods, the writer may be permitted to repeat the firmly fixed belief that the man now in the Presidential chair is one of the sincerest, most courageous and most ingenuous of men. We have all a right to criticise his official acts, but no man who knows him personally can fail to recognize his fine qualities of manliness, self-reliance, kindness and common-sense. Those who fancy that he is a "faddist" about religion, or "niggers," or temperance, or militarism or about anything, are simply uninformed. The man who likens him to Kaiser Wilhelm, either personally or *ex officio*, is sadly in error if the truth has been told about the German ruler's religious, military and racial fads, prejudices and fancies. Roosevelt is so devoted to his duty, or his work, if you like, that he can't keep his hands off it. His ingenuousness, as shown a thousand times since his advent to the Presidency, was so unexpected, so unprecedented that it looked to the worldly-wise like posing. He started a campaign against the evil features of the trust system. Squint-eyed capitalists said "he's a danger-

ous man!" He yielded many of his "trust-busting" demands in order to gain others and the octopus baiters yelled "he's a quitter!" He treated some deserving negroes decently and some of his own people cried "bad politics!" while half the Democratic party "threw a fit" and screamed "nigger lover!"

That's what's the matter with Roosevelt. He's always doing things. He ought to do as many of his most distinguished predecessors did—keep his ear to the ground and his finger on the push-button to call help.



## THE "CHESTNUT" TREE

BY FRANCES PORCHER

"A RARE old plant is the"—chestnut tree; just about once in so often it comes to life, casts abroad its fruit and then goes into Grover Cleveland's "state of innocuous desuetude." Just now the clergy is shaking it and the air is filled with "Death in the Dance" and "Infant Damnation."

It sounds like the Middle Ages *redivivi* to read about a set of learned men discussing the possibility of heaven for one who dances. In these days, when we are beginning to learn that it is better to consider our ways upon earth rather than to speculate upon our status in heaven; when, more than ever in the history of the world, the individual is to the front; when one must answer his own questions between his own heart and that of the Father Almighty, and ask them as he himself sees them and not as formulated by any other's experience.

That which jars upon the mind of the laity in these discussions is the clericals' radical standpoint, their extremeness; there is no middle ground. Either the dancer goes to heaven or to hell. Once in a while, a conservative brother, who gets his chain of reasoning through the links of logic, arises, essays to speak and is promptly downed, and others of his ilk see it and keep silent, and so the extremists go upon record, often to the injustice of the clergy as a body. One cannot believe that any set of educated men intends to bar the door of God's heaven upon the man, woman or child who simply dances, any more than one could imagine the All-Wise and All-Merciful shutting the creatures of His own creation into a boiling pit of fire and brimstone for telling an untruth. We surely must give the Creator credit for that justice which is the foundation of all human law, the justice that takes into consideration motives, environments, circumstances, education. The earthly judge who condemned a criminal solely upon the fact of the deed, with no trial that intention might be proven, would be hooted off the bench; it is hard to conceive that the Source of Justice, Mercy and Wisdom is not equal to the stream it supplies.

There are dances and dances, as there are dancers and dancers. One no more implies the other than a boy's game of marbles implies a get-rich-quick swindle. A dance at home or in the parlors of one's friends is not to be mentioned with the license-giving public entertainments that are but a cover for the saloon privileges attached. Still less is it to be classed with the disgusting sensuous motions of the so-called *danse du ventre*, and so we might go on to the lowest performances in the scale of motion to music until we reach the loathsome orgies of the Haytiens. The one is an innocent recreation, the others are truly damnable.

No pastime, no action was ever yet instituted that had not its possibilities of sin or evil. The church itself has its scandals, but because of the human taint of imperfection in its members no one relegates the church as a body to hell or bars it from heaven, neither can the church so relegate any other social institution and the members participating. Let the church teach the young that only purity and goodness are worth while, that to be true and strong is the essence of

manhood and womanhood, and that if day by day one lives well, then one need not worry about a heavenly status, for lo! while they live they are achieving it.

For simple policy's sake, it were well if these discussions about dancing could be suppressed. It advertises to those who are innocent the strain of evil in a really innocent thing; it raises questions that super-induce a knowledge that it would be just as well did not come to immature minds. It is the province of the home to teach and to guard; it is the province of the shepherd to guide and watch, not to usurp the privilege of Deity and condemn unto hell or award unto heaven the souls of God's creation.

As to infant damnation, one wonders why the "chestnut" tree is ever again shaken for that fruit; it has been wormy so long. It is a mind most curiously mis-shapen that can conceive a God capable of damning the souls He has but just started into existence. It reduces the Infinite to the trivial level of an immature child who builds block houses only to knock them down. No one who has ever lost a child can accept such a dogma, nay, no one with natural affection who has borne or been father of a child can tolerate it. There may be, there are, distorted minds which revel in such outlooks, and there are minds trained to such outlooks which try to cling to the bent of their education, but in the natural, healthy heart and soul of man there is no room for the damnation of those of whom Christ said: "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."



## RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE

BY HAROLD D. MEISTER.

WHEN, some time ago, the German scientist-philosopher—Haeckel—published his "Riddle of the Universe," it created quite a commotion among the half-baked intellectuals, by whom it was hailed as a masterpiece, containing the *ne plus ultra* of human knowledge. Among the real thinkers, however, Haeckel's work was never taken for anything else but what it really is—scientific quackery, hidden in a mass of pompous phrases and permeated with ideas which begin in nothing and end in nothing. It would have been better for Haeckel's fame if the work had never been written. It has increased neither human knowledge nor the prestige of modern science.

As a recent writer in the London *Academy* well remarks, Haeckel, in his last work, has demonstrated that he is not above a skillful yet disreputable juggling with terms. *Vide* his perplexing and indiscriminate use of the word "soul." Some of the ideas expressed are common, even coarse. The apostle of "truth, beauty and goodness" finds it consistent with his professions to describe the sublime belief in an immortal soul as a "trivial conception," and to allude to the myriad pictures of the Madonna and Child in terms of a deliberate indecency which are to his lasting shame, and which, were such a thing conceivable, would cast an indelible stain upon Truth herself.

In the chapter on "The Immortality of the Soul," Haeckel proves, to his own satisfaction, and at great length, that the soul must needs be "ethereal," or, indeed, gaseous; so that one might form "soul-snow," as Dewar liquefies hydrogen, and that this *reductio ad absurdum* demonstrates the soul—and its immortality—to be a myth. "Modern realism," we are informed, "can have nothing whatever to do with these incomprehensible notions; they satisfy neither the mind's feeling of causality, nor the yearning of our emotions." And the belief "in the immortality of the human soul . . . is in hopeless contradiction with the most solid empirical truths of modern science." As if that mattered. Modern science has "proved" what we all know, that a living dog is better than a dead lion, and the non-

existence of that which it has not begun to attempt to understand.

Agnosticism is intelligible—"there lives more faith in honest doubt,"—but atheism is not merely the antithesis of the scientific attitude, but a deliberate impertinence. Confession of ignorance is the first essential of the inquirer, and the denial of it which such assertions exemplify not only incriminates all thought, but is, if you think of it, the only possible way in which the world's time can be wasted.

It is, however, in the next chapter ("The Law of Substance") that we find the base of the monistic creed. Haeckel has applied this term—the law of substance—to those two supreme generalizations, the laws of the conservation of matter and of energy, which underlie all scientific conceptions. Before either of these was proved, Spinoza had embodied them in the "stately pantheistic system," which Goethe and Haeckel take to be "the loftiest, profoundest and truest of all ages." To this profound thought of Spinoza, Haeckel declares, "our purified monism returns after a lapse of two hundred years." That matter and energy will be for eternity, is the scientific belief of the present day. From this Haeckel goes on most ingeniously to show that there is a supreme unity in things, that matter and energy are indivisible, that all forms of matter are derived from one—the "prothyl," and that all forms of energy are transmutable. All this is, of course, platitude—splendid and vital and solemn platitude.

And here we are confronted with the supreme question. If monism is to stand; if, as Haeckel says, we "have the courage to accept a rounded philosophical system;" if we are to claim, as Haeckel does, to have found the solution of the world-riddle, at this point we must forsake logic and say that, since matter and energy are to be for eternity, it follows that they have been from eternity. It does not follow. "Creation from nothing," asserts Haeckel, "is a miracle; therefore, it is false."

For the "myth of creation" he substitutes evolution, as explaining everything. It has been proved to explain the *course* of everything, of the starry heavens of Kant and the mind of man. But it does not approach the question—*Whence?* This book, which professes to tell us all there is to know, from the "clash of worlds" to the theories of sociology, deliberately denies the first question of all. It does not follow that because matter and energy are indestructible—for this is the whole theory—they are therefore from eternity. The terminal atom on my pen defies Haeckel and his worthless logic. Whence? it asks. He has no reply worth the name. If his system is to be "rounded," there must be no antithesis no dualism. Therefore, it is necessary to have resort to barefaced dishonesty. Hence the following:

"All these and similar forms of belief in creation are incompatible with the law of the persistence of matter and force; that law knows nothing of a beginning." Exactly; it knows nothing of a beginning. Nor does it assert anything of a beginning. But this latter-day philosophy must settle that point, upon which its very existence depends. Therefore, the preposterous deduction is made that there never was a beginning; that matter, being indestructible, is, therefore, from eternity. This reminds us of the words of the brilliant Schopenhauer: "The world exists in virtue of its own inherent forces, . . . a polite way of giving the Lord God his *congé*."

Observe that this answer to the supreme question directly depends upon a naked piece of false reasoning. We cannot destroy matter; therefore it can never have been made. This is the logic of those who would show that God must be, if He is at all, a gaseous vertebrate.

As Haeckel himself shows, and endeavors without a trace of success to explain away, Kant, Virchow, Du Bois-Reymond, Newton, Baer and many others, have

passed through this stage; obsessed in their time, as he even yet is, by the power of intellectual pride. Haeckel, despite the shallowness of his last work, must be regarded as one of the best thinkers of modern times, and it is almost inconceivable how he could have been led to write a book of the kind here under discussion, which is utterly shallow in reasoning and founded upon a gross error in logic. The "mighty atom," and many other absurdities have come and gone. We have, as the first fact, the "law of substance." One atom, or one ion, if you please, cannot make another, nor can the others destroy it. The only deduction that can be drawn from this is, that there is a first cause. It is not only the fool, but the intellectual knave who "hath saith in his heart, there is no God."



## THE LAPIDARY

BY WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON.

GR<sup>EAT</sup> Lapidary, fix upon Thy mill  
This sordid earth! Wipe off the mold of green,  
The writhing life, vermicular, obscene,  
The slime of sea, the scurf of town and hill.  
Then grind, O Lapidary! Labor still;  
Polish the lifeless, primal granite clean,  
Till, mirrored true, shines from its heart serene  
The undistorted image of Thy will.

And then?—Wouldst Thou Thyself be still the same?

Would God be God if lacking even me?—

Nay! Here I shout my challenge into space:  
Thou dar'st not lose, fronting Time's lonely face,  
One monad cell that thrills its life to Thee,  
One gem of love that sparkles back Thy flame!  
*From the Atlantic Monthly.*



## A RECONCILIATION

BY P. CESOR.

THE aged parish priest of Lornès was about to close the door of his ancient church, when, in casting a last look towards the interior of a little lateral chapel, he thought he could perceive the silhouette of a kneeling woman. For a moment he hesitated. Was this really a human being? Or were his eyes, enfeebled by the weight of years, the dupes of an optical illusion?

The black-garbed form remained immovable, absorbed, undoubtedly, in pious devotions. After the lapse of a few minutes, the priest resolved to approach the praying woman. The sound of the trap-trap of his heavy shoes did not seem to perturb her in the least.

When he stood quite close, he simply said, "Madame!" in a voice softened with infinite pity.

With a quick, nervous movement, as if frightened at the sound of the priest's voice, she rose from her knees.

"Ah, pardon me!" she exclaimed. "I did not know you were in church."

"Is it really you, Madame Dubreuil?" the priest asked, in bewildered surprise.

"Yes," she replied. And then, after a few seconds' reflection, she added: "I must tell you something, that is, all; it will relieve me, I am sure."

"A confession?"

"No, not exactly! I just wish to tell you something in private. You will listen to me, won't you?"

"Let us go to my study. This is not the place for a discussion of private, personal affairs."

When both had seated themselves in the little bare-walled room, and the servant had placed the green-shaded lamp on the crude pine-wood table, the old priest asked, in a deliberate tone, "Well?"

The young woman trembled. It seemed as though she had just roused herself from a bad dream. Then she commenced, in a state of some agitation:

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"No, I have done nothing wrong, although appearances are against me. While I have been somewhat frivolous, and while I cannot blame my husband for acting as he did, still I do not believe that I merited the hard, brutal words with which he humiliated me an hour ago. Oh, how they sting and burn, those words! I shall never, no, never, forget them!"

"Permit me to ask you to explain, Madame. I cannot be of any assistance to you, if that is what you expect, unless you tell me everything; you understand, everything."

"You are undoubtedly right. This evening, a letter arrived at the castle. It was from the nephew of my husband, Jean Rivère, lieutenant of artillery. As the letter was addressed to me, I stretched forth my hand to take possession of it, but was prevented by my husband, who, with a brusque movement, anticipated me, and read the many foolish things which Jean had written. The young man loves me, and I admit that I have not always maintained a strictly proper attitude towards him. But, I can assure you, that I never committed anything of a sinful nature. Our relations never induced me to violate my marital vows. I only flirted with him, encouraged his attentions by devices of coquetry. I am young, inexperienced, and it is only at this hour that I recognize that I acted imprudently. After reading the letter, my husband chased me from the castle."

"Is all that you have told me absolutely true?" queried the old priest.

"I swear it by all that is sacred to me, upon my woman's honor!" affirmed the young woman.

"Well, then, let us depart! I myself shall plead your cause before your husband."

A few minutes later, both were on the way to the castle. Night had fallen in the meantime, and there were only a few lights along the road to guide their steps. She walked with unsteady feet, but the priest planted his feet firmly. Was he not going on a noble mission, at the end of which he foresaw the reunion of two human hearts?

M. Dubreuil was a retired officer, well advanced in years, of sterling, but haughty, overbearing character. A few months ago, he had married Marthe, the young, beautiful and only daughter of his best friend.

He had for years been her protector, and it was more a feeling of gratitude than of love which induced her to accept his hand in marriage.

The venerable priest was ushered into the *salon* in which M. Dubreuil awaited him. The latter divined the cause of the unexpected visit at once, and determined to cut it short without unnecessary ceremonies. He preferred to attend to the affairs of his *ménage* himself.

After having offered a seat to his visitor, he began: "I suspect the reason of your call. You have seen my wife. Allow me to inform you that all you may have to say will not avail in the least. I will have nothing further to do with that woman."

"It seems to me," replied M. Naudin, the priest, "that you are altogether too excited, carried away by your jealous rage, which you consider justified. Yet, you are utterly mistaken. Your jealousy is unreasonable, unwarranted. Madame Dubreuil is suffering and it is your duty to take her back at once."

"Never! If you knew the meaning of such affronts, or the pangs which they cause, you would not talk to me in the way you do. As you are a priest, you have no adequate conception of what she has done and of what I suffer."

"You really think so?" murmured M. Naudin. "You are wrong. And to prove to you that I know something of affairs of this kind, I shall tell you something of my past life. It will do me good, and it may teach you something at the same time."

"It occurred about forty years ago. At that time, I loved life, the world and its pleasures. Before me I saw a most brilliant future. To every human being there comes an hour when happiness appears to be a reality."

"I thought my hour of happiness had come, when I conceived a violent passion of love for a charming young girl. I adored her to madness. She was poor, but I was rich and had already attained high rank in the army. Her parents had no objection when I asked them for her hand . . . Oh, when I remember it all, even after these long forty years which have since elapsed, my old blood begins to course faster through my veins!"

"Having been ordered to Algiers with my regiment, we determined to postpone our marriage until my re-

turn. My absence promised to be of short duration. We corresponded regularly, and all our letters attested the profound love which we bore to each other.

"I returned sooner than expected and before the fixed date. And I wished to surprise her in an agreeable manner. It was a beautiful June evening, when I arrived in the little garrison town where she lived with her parents. Her father was a professor at the lyceum, and his income enabled the family to occupy a modest villa in the suburbs. When I opened the garden gate, I stood still for a moment. My heart beat a tattoo. Within a few seconds, I knew, she would be in my arms, kissing and caressing me. Suddenly, it seemed to me that I heard whispering in the garden, behind some bushes. Advancing a step, and hiding behind the trunk of a tree, I saw before me, on the lawn, two young persons, my fiancée and a man. To doubt my eyes was impossible. My brain reeled; I threw my arms around the tree to keep from falling. That man was my best friend. The following morning, at dawn, I had mortally wounded him in a desperate combat with swords, and two months later I disappeared from the world, and became what you know me to be."

"Do you still dare to assert that I do not know the human heart, and the sorrows of human love? I have nothing further to add to my tale, except that I saw her again, some years later, a few hours before she died. A life of disorder had wrecked her health. I forgave and blessed her."

"You are happier than I was. Madame Dubreuil sincerely regrets the few little faults she has committed, but which can in no wise be held to have made her unworthy to be your wife. Forgive her, I implore you, forgive her, and believe me when I say that you shall yet know what real happiness is in this world."

Without waiting for an answer, the aged priest opened the door of the *salon*, and bade the young wife enter. She obeyed, hesitatingly, advanced to the center of the room and waited. M. Dubreuil opened his arms and took her to his heart.

When she disengaged herself from his arms, and turned round, M. Naudin had disappeared.

Adapted from the French for the Mirror by Francis A. House.

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### NEW BOOKS

A stirring, realistic narrative of the times of the Civil War is "The Southerners," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. In reading over its pages, one cannot but perceive that the author put all his heart and soul in the work, that his subject inspired him, raised memories of days that are no more, and emotions that are dear and true to the human heart. The story is free from sectionalism. It simply describes, in the light of a well-balanced imagination, days and events which will never be forgotten as long as this republic endures. Through it all runs a charming tale of love of the purest kind, between two young people, which hold our sympathy and interest from the beginning. The volume is artistically illustrated by George Wright. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers. Price \$1.50.

"Veronica," by Martha W. Austin, is a sweet love story of the conventional kind. It has not much of a plot, but makes good reading, and should undoubtedly, prove popular with the majority of novel readers. The author's style is, occasionally, of a rather pretentious order. This may be seen from the following taken at random from page 5: "Veronica had never seen grand opera, but she had dreamed over the score of some of Wagner's operas, and a dim vision had floated before her of that Titanic world in which Fate walked naked with the raw threads in her hand. Of pride and passion like *Brunhilde's* triumphing in death; of splendid flame-colored music rising in a red burst from *Siegurd's* funeral pyre; of the clash of shield-songs; of soft, swan-breasted notes that swam into a lake of moonlight melody; of a thrill of spiritual vision sliding down some long violin note as the Grail slides down the vanishing beam; of song that rose out of a thunderous surge of orchestration like a gull out of the sea, now dipping down, now beaten under by a storm of sound, now struggling up unconquerably high and free." A passage like this is certainly most impressive, but its *raison d'être* in a novel of the kind under review is not very apparent. It is to be hoped that Miss Austin, who must be considered a promising and talented literary aspirant, will, in her future works, recognize the necessity of restricting the scope of emotional imagination. "Veronica" is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers of "Horses Nine," by Sewell Ford. This is a collection of stories of harness and saddle which should meet with the approval of lovers of animals in general and of horses in particular. The stories are written in popular style, fanciful, breezy and even instructive, instructive, that is to say, in matters pertaining to the nature and habits of the noble horse. The volume is nicely bound and illustrated. Price \$1.25.

One of the really notable novels of the day is "Love With Honor," by Charles Marriott, the author of "The Column." It abounds in a delightful play of fancy, in clever epigrams, striking observations on

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modern society and its problems, and good sentiment of the kind that is best in accord with normal human nature. The author's style is of a virile facility, clear and concise. The characters are well limned; they stand clearly outlined before our mind. The dramatic situations are cleverly and impressively contrived, and due regard is paid, at the same time, to the social order of things as it exists and the mold of human nature as it is known. Taken all in all, Mr. Mariott's latest story is one that appreciative fiction readers cannot afford to miss. Published by John Lane, New York.

The leading story in the March number of the "Smart Set" is "Kersalec," by Justus Miles Forman. The list of contributors is an imposing one. We mention the following few only: Felix Carmen, John Vance Cheney, Tom Masson, Zona Gale, Arthur Ketchum, Henri Lavedan, Tom P. Morgan, Clinton Burgess and Theodosia Garrison. Ess Ess Publishing Co., 452 Fifth avenue, New York.

The current number of "The Booklover" contains a fine spread for the literary folk. Among the many articles of interest, we note the following few: "Balzac and His Publishers," "No Time for Reading," by Andrew Lang, and "The Flood of Books," by Henry Van Dyke. There is also an illustrated article of great interest on Edgar Allan Poe, and, of course, the usual well-selected miscellany of things appealing to the lovers of good literature. The Book Lover Press, 30 East Twenty-first street, New York

A poetical brochure that will be welcome to adherents of the modern school of radical thought and endeavor is "When John Bull Comes A-Courting," and other poems by Lucien V. Rule. The author sounds the clarion-blast of the Socialistic combat against Capitalism and industrial slavery. His ideas are akin to those of Ernest Crosby, the author of "Swords and Plowshares." While they are, undoubtedly, suffering from the effects of a superlatively exuberant fancy, they are interesting, even startling. They represent the spirit of the age. Carton Publishing Co., Louisville, Ky.

## MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY TO CALIFORNIA.

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## INQUISITIVE

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It was a large handsome clock, and from it was suspended a card bearing the words:

"Goes 300 days without winding!" Suddenly an idea struck him, and he went into the shop.

"That's an interesting clock of yours," he said; "but there's one thing I should like to know."

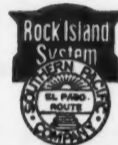
"What's that?" "How long it would go if it was wound up?"—Answer.

## AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION MEETING, NEW ORLEANS, MAY 5-8.

Account of the above the Mobile & Ohio R. R. will sell tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip. St. Louis Office, 518 Olive street.

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## A GROWL AT CLUB WOMEN

If the members of the women's clubs felt their ears tingling, the other afternoon, they ought to be glad they did not hear the opinion that made them tingle. The speaker of the opinion is a man in middle life, a churchman, a man of reading and observation, and the object of his most particular dislike is women's clubs. According to him they are playing the Old Scratch, not only with families, but with the whole nation. "They are a natural outgrowth of feminine love of luxury and ease," he said. "With housework reduced to a minimum by mechanism and gas and steam and electricity, with small flats and janitors designed to lighten labor, with lines of street cars, running in all directions, that make walking unnecessary, with delivery systems that relieve shoppers of the necessity even of carrying a paper of pins, with sewing machines to do what was once done by hand, with articles of dress now sold at prices that mean starvation to the sweat-shop workers, with excellent dining rooms in all parts of the cities, that obviate the need of elaborate dinners, or to patronize on the hired girl's day out, there has appeared more and more of an indisposition among our American woman to work. The woman who does one-tenth as much as her mother did is a candidate for the hospital. To cook a dinner gives her a headache and cleaning house—a flat of five rooms—does her up for a week.

"Why, many a man is driven away from his home by his own wife. He can't get enough to eat there. You will find more variety in our grocery shops than ever before, and everything is put up in cans and jars so as almost to do away with the need for cooking, yet many a man goes home to such lean and miserable meals that he gets to shirking them and to taking his lunch in a big restaurant, and the lunch leaves him no appetite for his dinner. Then his wife finds fault because he no longer appreciates her cooking, and there you are. Again, he meets friends in the restaurant and it is easy to have a bottle of wine with them, or a cocktail, and so he gets into the way of drinking, and presently he goes to the devil.

"The American woman makes her husband work, because she wants his money, and she makes her servants work, because she wants a pleasant home, but she does no work herself. She goes to a club. Do you remember seeing the smart reply of the modern girl who had just married and whose husband asked her if he couldn't have a little more or a little better to eat for breakfast? She answered, 'If you were looking for a cook when you married me, you made a mistake. You ought to have gone to an employment agency.' I have heard people laugh over that and commend it as clever. To me there is nothing more melancholy. It is as if the woman had said, 'I've landed you, and I've bound you to support me, and I shall do nothing to help you. So long as I get your wages you may go to Halifax.' He ought to have answered, 'I suppose you were looking for a husband. If you're merely looking for somebody to support you, advertise for a foreign count.' Absolutely, I consider the position of that woman degrading. Our mothers were differ-

ent women. They worked hard, they loved our fathers, they bore their share of the work, and helped them to earn and save, they are honored by their children, and they died full of honor. Imagine one of these modern flutterbuds being followed to the grave by sincere mourners!

"In the middle-class families I don't see how it is possible for a woman to avoid work altogether, even if she wants to. In the middle class—grading by incomes, not by airs or blood—it is a foregone conclusion that the man must hustle all his days, but his work can be made easier, his temper more cheerful and he will accomplish more, not merely for his own good, but for his wife and children, if the rest of his family is not a dead weight on him. From idleness to dishonesty is an easy step. There has been living up in my neighborhood a Southern colonel—old family, sah, and all that—who is no better than a thief. I think he meant to do well, himself, but the women of his family simply breathe, and dress, and are as absolutely useless as so many jelly fish. He is the only one in the place who works. The rooms are in disorder, the women don't even mend their own clothes, but go out with their clothes fixed up with pins. They owe every grocer, butcher, milkman, paper dealer, druggist and beer bottler in the neighborhood, and they are away behind in their rent, but the women merely twine about the old fellow like the ivy they used to tell about, and are slowly strangling him to death.

"Probably men are responsible for the extremely good opinion that woman has of herself. They have worshiped her and tried to save her everything in the way of work and anxiety and annoyance, and she has got to the pass where she takes their homage as her due. She believes that she was born to be an ornament and nothing more. She is in society, and she drags her husband around to all sorts of distasteful functions, when he would rather go to the theater or his club or to call on his friends, and she compels him to stay up two-thirds of the night in hot, crowded rooms, gabbing nonsense to a lot of other ornaments. It does not leave him in a very good shape

for his business next day, and it isn't a very good example to set for her growing sons and daughters, if she has any, as I believe she has not, for children, they say, are unfashionable now and interfere with belonging to women's clubs.

"Women are deadly conventional. They are afraid to be unlike all other women, and are even afraid that their husbands will be unlike all other men. So I believe a lot of them are joining clubs, not because they want to, but because it is 'the thing,' just as they rode on bicycles a couple of years ago, and just as they used to engage in church work. These dear creatures will probably come back to their homes without driving, one of these days, when homes become fashionable again, and when it is not beneath a woman's dignity to work and take an interest in her family. A woman rises higher than a man, and she can also sink lower, when she is willing to, but her sex does not strike the average level of the masculine half of the species in heedlessness or sin. She ought to be satisfied to be a woman, instead of giving her life to being a man. That's where the fault lies. I hanker to meet the old-fashioned woman, such as I used to know when I was young—women who were not so averse to men's society that they organized into clubs to keep men out, and devoted afternoons to debating on 'The Question of the Hour,' and 'The Supremacy of Women.' Your mother didn't belong to a woman's club, and mine didn't, and we respect their memories more than if they had. By the way, what time is it? I've got to go around to Harmony hall and fetch my wife. She's the principal speaker this afternoon at the county convention of women's clubs."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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The young man kissed her and she screamed.

"What's the matter, Nellie?" demanded a stern voice from upstairs.

"I—I just saw a mouse," she fibbed.

Presently the young man claimed another kiss and the scream was repeated. Again came the stern voice.

"What is it this time?"

"I just saw another mouse."

Then the old man came down with the house cat, a mouse trap and a cane and sat in a corner to watch developments.—*San Francisco Star*.



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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### SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scudder have been for the past ten days sojourning at Eureka Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nolker, of Lindell boulevard, will leave early in April for a Western trip.

Col. and Mrs. S. W. Fordyce, of Washington terrace, have gone to Eureka Springs for a fortnight.

Misses Blanche and Eleanor Niedring-

## 512 Locust St.

Next door to Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney's.

Never before have we shown as handsome and exclusive a line of ladies' belts as this season.

Here, as in the East, the famous Royal Belt is the favorite.

We are the St. Louis agents for this belt.

It is made of finest quality silk elastic, velvet elastic, peau de soie silk and satin.

Colors white and black.

Clasps and back pieces of oxidized silver in neat and attractive designs.

Clasp is made with ball and socket attachment, insuring stability.

Back piece has patented skirt supporter.

We quote one Special style as follows:

"Royal" silk elastic belt, oxidized clasp and back piece, tasty, effective and practical..... **98c**

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haus have gone to Eureka Springs for a short stay, accompanying a part of friends.

Mr. Ellis Wainwright was at Nice, France, during the entire Carnival season. A number of St. Louisans were with him.

Mrs. R. C. Kerens, of Vandeventer place, left, last week, with friends for Eureka Springs, where they will make a short stay.

Mrs. Firmin Desloge, of Hotel Beers, has returned to the city after spending a short time with relatives and friends in the suburbs.

Miss Frances Stickney's musicale next Friday evening at her home in Maryland avenue will be the interesting artistic event of the week.

Mrs. William Stickney, who has been for some weeks at Palm Beach, Florida, returned and has now gone to Hot Springs for a few weeks.

Miss Lucile Skidmore, of Charleston, Mo., came down to St. Louis, last week, to visit her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Parker, and make one of Miss Gertrude Parker's bridal party.

Mrs. Charles A. Cunningham and her little son, who went South for the Mardi Gras festivities, are now in the suburbs of New Orleans and will not return to St. Louis till late in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nolker gave a delightful box party at the Olympic Theater on Monday evening, to see Francis Wilson in "The Toreador." Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neill being guests of honor.

Cards were sent out a short time ago for the marriage of Miss Mabel Benedict and Mr. Julius Arnold Berninghaus, who will be married on Tuesday, March 31st, at the Lafayette Park M. E. Church.

Mrs. Prentiss Dana Cheney has given up her house on Maryland avenue and taken one of the pretty new apartments on Boyle avenue, near Lindell, where she will move the latter part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. David S. Booth have sold their house on Vernon avenue, and bought a new home at 5107 West Morgan street, where they will be settled and ready to receive their friends by the first of April.

Mrs. Otho Ball, of Newstead avenue, has lately returned from the North, where she has spent some time with her father, Col. Clague, of Minneapolis, and with Judge and Mrs. Ball, of Chicago.

Miss Lulu Kerr, whose marriage to Mr. D. W. Kauffman, a wealthy mine owner of Michigan, was one of the fashionable events of Washington, D. C., recently, was the first Mrs. Rufus Calvert, and quite a belle in St. Louis society circles in the early nineties.

A large whist party was given, on Monday afternoon, at the Cabanne Club, by a number of well known ladies. Mrs. H. M. Noel was one of the hostesses of the pleasant affair, Mrs. Henry T. Fry, President of the National Whist League, being the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Tankerville Drew, just returned from their wedding journey, viewed their new house in Maryland avenue, last Sunday afternoon. It is the middle one of three houses just above the Cathedral and will be completed this summer. The charming house is a wedding present from Mr. McCrea to his daughter and son-in-law.

Mrs. James P. Dawson, of Webster Groves, sent out cards, last week, for a tea, which she will give on March 31st, to formally announce the engagement of her niece, Miss Marjorie Dawson, and Mr. M. C. Seropyan. Mr. Seropyan is an Armenian by birth, although reared in this country, receiving his education at Yale College, of which he is a graduate. Miss Dawson is the daughter of a clergyman and one of the most popular young girls in Suburban society.

Mrs. A. D. Giannini was considered the belle of Wiesbaden, Germany, during the entire season, which has just ended, to be renewed again in the spring. Mr. "Tony" Faust, whose athletic training has so rejuvenated him that he looks like a man of forty, was taken for the brother of his handsome daughter. The Fausts

## Fine Diamonds

—AND OTHER—

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Seventh and Pine Streets.

## Schraps Restaurant Co.,

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High-Class Restaurant for  
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Music Evenings.  
Open After Theater.

and Mrs. Giannini were on the Riviera for one month, and from there went to Rome. They were received by the Pope in private audience, arranged for them by Rev. Father Schindler, of Carondelet.

Mrs. Joseph Ramsey received news, the early part of the week, of the serious illness of her daughter, Miss Anna Ramsey, who sailed on the Moltke with a St. Louis party, in February. Miss Ramsey was accompanied by her sister, Miss Helen Ramsey, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Miller, who have taken her from the ship to a hotel in Cairo, Egypt, and placed her in the care of the best physician procurable. Mr. Joseph Ramsey, who was in New York at the time of the cablegram, was notified and has sailed now to join the party.

The marriage of Miss Daisy Chesney Bond and Mr. Theodore Gowans took place Wednesday at the country home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Y. H. Bond, of Maryland Heights, Rev. Dr. J. F. Cannon officiating. Miss Bond was attended by Miss Pauline Harris as maid of honor and Dr. Charles Gilbert Chaddock, was best man for the groom. At the conclusion of the ceremony there was a bridal breakfast served, after which the bride and groom left for Old Point Comfort, where they will spend a part of their honeymoon before going to their own home at 89 St. James Place, Buffalo, where they will be at home to friends, after June first.

Miss Marie Hayes, of Lindell boulevard, has set her wedding day as the 25th of April, when she will marry Mr. Walter Knight Sturgis, of Philadelphia. Miss Hayes, who has been one of the belles of the city and is noted for her perfect taste, will have an exceedingly pretty wedding, and be attended by a bevy of fashionable bridesmaids. Miss Florence Hayes will serve as maid of honor, and Miss McKenna, of Washington, D. C., daughter of Chief Justice McKenna, will come on to be a bridesmaid, as will also Miss Dorothy Sturgis, a sister of the groom, from Philadelphia, and Miss Kelley, of Minneapolis. Three young matrons who will complete the party as matrons of honor, are Mesdames Ed Simmons, Sam Plant and Will Maffitt.

A notable wedding of the past week, was that of Miss Florence Gertrude Ernest, of Denver, Colorado, and Mr. James Orin Reber, who were married at the

Southern Hotel, on Saturday evening, by the Rev. Dr. A. H. Blaisdell, of the Church of the Holy Communion. After the ceremony there was a very handsome bridal dinner served in parlor 84, where the table was arranged with a centerpiece, in the design of a ship, of American Beauty roses, from which cables of smilax extended to the twenty covers, terminating in large corsage bouquets of roses for the ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Orin remained until the next day, when they left for a bridal tour, although they did not disclose their destination. They will make their home in Salt Lake City. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Finis P. Ernest, of Denver, who are former St. Louisans. Mrs. Ernest is one of the board of lady managers of the World's Fair. Mrs. Edward Cost, of the Planters' Hotel, planned and carried out the entire arrangements for the bridal dinner.

"They tell me you have cured yourself of chronic insomnia." "Yes; I'm completely cured." "It must be a great relief." "Relief! I should say it was. Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it. Talking of suffering, though, one need never suffer with one's feet if he or she wears Swope's shoes."—Swope's are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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## THEATRICALS

OLYMPIC.

The literary carpenter who perpetrated "The Toreador" must, at the time, have been suffering from an acute attack of St. Vitus dance and *delirium tremens*. For, as presented at the Olympic this week by Francis Wilson and his company, the production is a hodgepodge of the craziest kind imaginable. It is diaphanously thin, full of inanities and



### Artistic Youngsters.

The refining influence of artistic clothes for children is evident to every mother; it is an object lesson in genteel training, gratifying and very pleasing.

Our showing of real art in clothes for juveniles will create genuine enthusiasm, and is of especial interest to parents. You will be able to gratify your taste here for every need—the school, the seashore, for travel and for evening wear.

The maximum of good workmanship and quality in Boys' Clothes is represented in our offerings. This, and prices lower than customary for this class of apparel, are the inducements we offer.

\$1.50 to \$10 for Tub Suits  
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On Olive Street at Seventh.

grotesque "stunts." There is no more coherence in the thing than there is in a rope of sand. Even the cleverness of such an inimitable fun-maker as Francis Wilson fails to bring any semblance of sense into it. The writer does not remember to have ever seen a more absurd or more insubstantial production than "The Toreador." Yet it appears to please. Some of the puerile pseudo-wit-ticisms reeled off from behind the footlights are received with boisterous guffaws. It would be an idle task to review the performance at length. There is, in fact, nothing to say except that it is egregiously tenuous, and that, in spite of this, it draws good audiences. People seem to like stuff of this kind at present. Why, or what they can find therein to amuse a sensible mind, is more than I can tell. Francis Wilson has surrounded himself with a good company, and gets all there is out of the farce. Most of the girls look pretty and wear their gowns well. That is, by the way, all for which they seem to have been engaged. Some of the songs are fairly good, and the choruses do all they can to spoil the effect. Francis Wilson is, of course, the star attraction. But for him, one would feel like leaving at the end of the first act. There are only two acts. The production is well mounted, and altogether one that should prove delightful to—well, there's no use specifying.

CENTURY.

The Shakespeareans are flocking to the Century this week, where Walker Whiteside is giving strenuously realistic characterizations of the doughty *Richard III*, the dreamy *Prince of Denmark* and the wily *Shylock*. This actor appears to have quite a large following in this city, which looks up to him as one of the most faithful interpreters of the Bard of Avon. They may be right, and they may be wrong. As the wise guys of old Rome used to say, "*de gustibus non est disputandum*." Mr. Whiteside must, after all, be given credit for giving us something that will act as a *pièce de résistance* after all the musical farces and farcical comedies that we have been afflicted with, for lo, these many months.

#### COMING ATTRACTIONS

The elaborate programme presented at the Germania, Sunday evening, was one that will be long remembered of its delighted auditors. The excellent work of all participants demonstrated under what excellent management the company is coached. Mr. Leopold Jacoby's benefit, Wednesday evening, was well attended. "Charley's Tante," the comedy made famous by Eddie Foy, kept the audience in good humor and well-entertained. On Friday, the 27th, by special request, "Alt Heidelberg" will be the offering; Sunday evening "Die Himmelsleiter." Mr. W. Ludrow will be tendered a benefit, on which occasion "Die Ehre" will be produced.

The talented young actor, Andrew Mack, will appear at the Century Theater next Sunday, March 29th, appearing in his new play, "The Bold Sogor Boy," which was written by Theo. Burt Sayre. The play is entirely different from any in which an Irish comedian has as yet appeared, old Ireland having not been called into play for a back ground, the scenes being laid at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island. It is a tale of love very truly told; the plot original, aided by a

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quartette of talented children. The fun is fast and furious; in fact, it savors of comedy of the highest farcical order. Mr. Mack always has the advantage of a very superior support, and in this instance has a most meritorious one: Miss Frances Ring, Miss Mildred Beverly, Miss Maggie Fielding and Miss Vivian Martin, Messrs. Robert Payton Gibbs, Giles Shine, Hugh Cameron, Henry P. Stone, Eddie Heron, Richard J. Dillon, Thomas E. Jackson, Edward Aiken, Master Augustus Wilkes, John Cooke and Willie Tilden. Mr. Mack will sing "Little Tommy Murphy," "Grandmother's Songs," "We'll Hurry to Church and Be Married," "You are my Star, for I Love You," and "Lullaby," which equal any of his former musical successes.

The great event of the Paris season has been the opening of the Theatre de la Renaissance, under M. Guity's management, with a new comedy by the favorite dramatist of the day. M. Alfred Capus. M. Capus never fails to view life on the sunny side, and his roseate, sceptical philosophy—or philosophical scepticism—is an exquisite relief from the pessimism that other French playwrights cultivate so assiduously. In his new comedy, however, without departing from his characteristic irony, M. Capus strikes a slightly more emotional, more dramatic note than in his previous works. But in any case, the piece is delightful, charming, and it obtained a tremendous success. This play has been secured for America by Mr. Willard, who will present it to St. Louis theater goers, next week, at the Olympic Theater, under the title, "The Optimist." Mr. Willard will also appear in Mr. Louis N. Parker's play, "The Cardinal," in Robertson's delightful comedy, "David Garrick," and in "The Middleman." Mr. Willard's histrionic status is too well known to need exploitation.

The Royal Burlesquers at the Standard Theater, this week, are presenting an unusually interesting programme. The vaudeville offerings are somewhat out of the ordinary and all of the "turns" interesting. The Crawford sisters win unstinted applause; their nimble, graceful dancing and pretty singing well meriting the same. Burgess, Smith and Burgess are clever acrobats. The Lavalls, on chain ladders, contribute towards making the week's bill one of the best ever given at this play house. "Rose Hill English Folly Company" will hold the boards next week.

### MUSIC

#### CHORAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Tschaikowsky's wonderful sixth symphony was the feature of the programme of the choral symphony concert given last week. This great work has been played by the Symphony orchestra several times, but never so thrillingly as on this occasion. Mr. Ernst's shaven cranium was beaded with the perspiration of enthusiasm, and he made the performance of the symphony a *crescendo* of excellence—apparently gaining inspiration and additional energy with each movement.

A characteristic Grieg composition for strings, the introduction to the third act of "Tannhauser" and Dvorak's "Slavische Tänze" were the other orchestral numbers.

A lauded English contralto and a baritone with an Italian name sang solos. The contralto, Miss Crossley, sings intelligently, but her voice is stiff and uneven. Nevertheless she succeeded in being interesting in a group of good songs and an aria by Haydn. Emilis de Gogorza made a fine effect with the "Prologue" from "Pagliacci," and the "Figaro" song from "The Barber of

Seville" given as an encore. His best singing, however, was done in a group of songs by Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky and Hildach. This baritone has a voice neither great in compass nor of extraordinary power, but his tone is unusually rich and beautiful, and he is a singer of rare finish and refinement. In fact as careful and perfect is his tone work, that more virility and abandon even with less polish would have been welcome in the operatic numbers.

### A PALACE OF GASTRONOMY

St. Louis has long been noted for its restaurants, and the range in cuisine and service is as wide and varied as are the purses of the patrons. The latest bidder for patronage in this line is Mr. C. R. Schrap, who has just opened what might be termed a "palace of gastronomy," at 623-625 Locust street. The appointments of this new restaurant are of the finest. The walls are decorated with mirrors and a very rich dark green wall drapery, in alternate panels, which give a very gorgeous effect to the dining-room and to the diner a feeling of luxuriousness. Over each table is a chandelier formed by a cluster of three electric lights, with ground glass globes, which gives a subdued radiance that is restful in the extreme. Overhead, the ceiling is finished in Moorish effect of a beautiful biscuit color, while dotted here and there are tiny electric lights with very dark red shades. The cuisine is of the highest order, and would delight the palate of the gourmet. If you have ever tasted a steak cooked exactly to the "queen's taste," or think you have, just try one of Schrap's and you will imagine that you never before knew what a good steak was. In fact, every article is served in the finest style, the chef in charge being a pastmaster in his profession, and able to cater to the most educated palate. Silverware, cut glass and all the latest *et ceteras* abound in the greatest profusion. The meals are enlivened by the strains of an excellent orchestra, which discourses everything from grand opera to ragtime. If you wish to really enjoy yourself and at the same time partake of the "goodies" in eating, call at Schrap's and your verdict will be "Eureka."

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### A CHEERFUL VIEW

Two men who had been sitting together in the seat near the door of a railway car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Suddenly one of them arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three people out of every five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said, with a smile. "Keep them up just a minute. Now, will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said. "Now while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers, and

leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuable articles you may have. Lively now, Jim."

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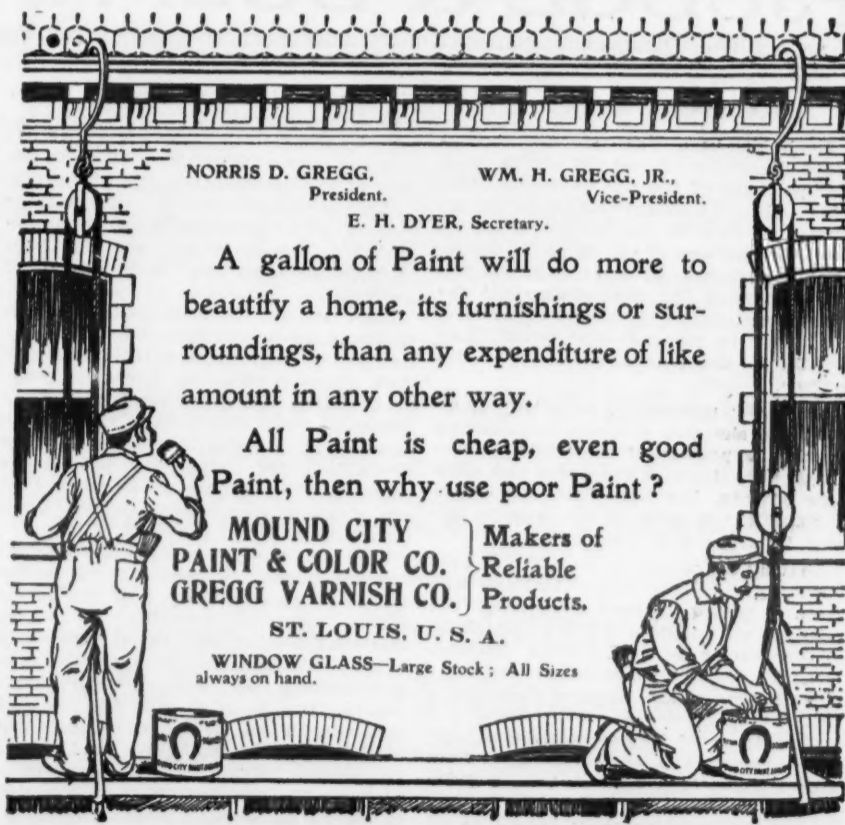
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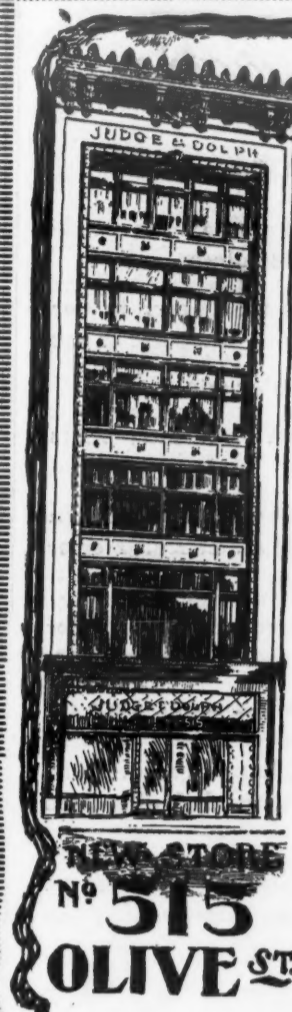
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### ORATORY AT JEFF

Much has been written about the alleged decadence of oratory on the political platform of the United States. The philosopher has sought to explain the assumed decline of the power of speech over the emotions of the people by saying that the commercial pursuits of the age have changed the sensibilities of the masses and chilled the native enthusiasm that used to respond more quickly and loyally to the persuasive voice of eloquence.

The daily newspaper, with its ubiquitous and sleepless diligence in gathering up the happenings of the world, its detailed portraiture of the deeds and opinions of men, has been held responsible for the loss of some of the orator's former influence and prestige.

Leaving the causes of the decay of good speaking to be investigated by those who have a persistent passion to know the whys of all things, a few remarks about the character of the present Missouri General Assembly may help to estimate the standing of the orator of to-day as a political figure.

The House of Representatives at Jefferson City has 142 members, coming from 114 counties, that have a total population of 3,106,665, according to the census of 1900. These lawmakers belong to all professions and all commercial and industrial pursuits. Many of the members of this large legislative body are practicing lawyers, fresh from court rooms and used to the daily scenes and tactics of the greatest arena of debate in the world. The majority of the legislators outside of the bar are public speakers who have had considerable experience in addressing all kinds of popular meetings, from neighborhood and township assemblies up to State conventions. The Missouri house

of representatives may certainly be assumed to represent the prevailing standard of oratory in this great State. What is the character of speaking heard on the floor of the representative hall from day to day, as the proceedings of the popular branch of the Legislature call forth the talents of the 142 picked men sent here to make laws for over three millions of people?

There are not ten good speakers in the House of Representatives. More than that number of men express their thoughts with clearness and some force, but fewer than ten of these speakers have any charm of voice and gesture that makes them really pleasing to the ear and eye of a spectator. There is a painful absence of those graces of elocution that can commend spontaneous applause even in an uncultivated audience.

With the exception of a few original phrases that have been uttered in the House of Representatives of the forty-second General Assembly no words this winter by Missouri's 142 lawmakers in the north end of the Capitol was worth remembering for their own resonant beauty. Out of all or this din of sound that has for six weeks jarred the dome of the Capitol, scarcely one speech could be selected which might serve as a model to the youth who has an ambition to become an orator.

Only about one man in the House attempts to speak as the great orators of the past did. This survivor of the old school of platform speakers is the impassioned and picturesque Col. John T. Crisp, peculiarly interesting and pathetic at times, despite his insistent whims, because he stands for that vanishing type of the American orator who once had no peer as the moldier and mover of public sentiment and the master of the affairs of State.

If the Missouri House of Representatives is a measure of the oratory of the times, good speaking in the United States is in danger of becoming a lost art.

REPORTER.

Jefferson City, Mo., February.

We pride ourselves upon the originality of our Sterling Silverware designs and invite inspection and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

### ROOSEVELT'S JOKE

In refusing to grant a private interview to a certain politician, who is always trying to give him advice and information on important matters of legislation, President Roosevelt is said to have remarked: "It is always most distressing to me to be obliged to talk to that man. I find myself constantly expecting him to revert to his arboreal ancestors, grow a tail, and swing gracefully from the chandelier without interrupting the conversation."—Argonaut.

### FOR EXAMPLES

Perkins, Jr.: "Why don't ye buy that horse of Seth's, pop? He's got a fine pedigree."

Perkins, Sr.: "Pedigree be gol darned! The question is, is he wuth anything? Why, boy, them sassiety folks what comes here in the summer time has pedigrees."—Brooklyn Life.

The size of the average family in the United States is four persons and a small fraction of a person, the husband in many cases being the small fraction.—The Chicago Tribune.

## Cheap Trip California

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## Santa Fe

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## COURTESY

Courtesy is a mystical thing; it may be defined as a spontaneous worship. Politeness is, indeed, even more fantastically reverential than religion itself, for it treats a landlady's parlor as the religionist treats a temple. To him all the houses are holy, and whenever or wherever it be found, the covered place demands the uncovered head. Politeness is thus a thing mysterious and elemental, going down to the foundations of the world. Since no man can express how surprising and terrifying and beautiful is every object upon which we gaze, on the day when we all become truly primitive we shall take off our hats to the sparrows and apologize for treading on the daisies. Politeness of this kind is simply imagination. That is the inevitable result of realizing that things are there.

Here, as in so many other cases, we see the singular dullness of all those sections of society which call themselves unconventional. They imagine that unconventionality is a mark of being artistic or imaginative. It is, of course, a mark of being especially prosaic and limited. For the great conventions are, as their name grammatically implies, simply the great agreements, and agreement is essential to all art, and to all ceremony, and, indeed, to everything, except mere rowdy competition and free fights. If a man is ceremonious he is conventional, and if he is poetical he is ceremonious. In so far, therefore, as the artistic classes believe in a lounging and Bohemian existence, they are fighting against the very nature of art, and also against the very nature of a vivid realization of things. If once they realized things vividly, and saw how valuable they are, we should become more elaborately urbane than any dandy of the old school. What was wrong with the dandies of the old school was not the fact that they did not really believe in it. The Brummell type was wrong, not because it bowed repeatedly over a lady's hand, but because it did not respect her, either in act or conversation. The bowing was entirely right; if we saw things for one moment as they are we should stand bowing for several minutes over the hand of a newsboy or the crossing sweeper, thus creating some sensation in the neighborhood.

Now, if it be once granted that politeness is reverence, an expression of reverence for our environment, it does not particularly matter by what actual physical pantomime it is expressed. It may be expressed, as in the case of the Christian and Jewish religions, by taking off your hat or by putting it on. In many Oriental countries it is expressed by taking off one's boots, and in some of the great republics of the antipodes it may, for all I know, be expressed by taking off your collar or your waistcoat. Certain savages rub each other's noses when they meet, and I have no doubt that they rub them reverentially. The form matters nothing so long as the spirit which it is meant to convey is a spirit of chivalry and of a poetic humility.

But the great central and remarkable thing about society manners in this decade is that they are not intended to express the idea of courtesy, the idea, that is to say, that we are impressed with our surroundings; but is, on the

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contrary, specially and elaborately intended to express the idea that we do not care a brass farthing for anyone for a mile round. The old fashioned bowing and scraping may have been ludicrous and hypocritical, when taken in conjunction with the materialistic or immoral practices which went along with it, but at least the form itself, the actual bow and scrape, did express deference and self-subordination.

But the modern manners of the richer class are actually framed, like a careful artistic work, to express indifference to everything and everybody. The modern gentleman is not the man who knows how to be polite; he is the man who knows how to be rude in an entirely gentlemanly manner. His only scruple is that he must not be rude in the same way that an omnibus conductor is rude; that is to say, in an amusing way. It is the object of modern urbanity not to cultivate the hypocritical subservience of the old beaux, but to cultivate a way of bowing to a lady which is a great deal more personally offensive than hitting her in the face. It is not, in short, courtesy at all; it is not an awkward and clownish attempt to indicate that we care for our surroundings; it is a perfectly polished, deliberate and successful attempt to indicate that we care for nothing in earth or heaven. Uneducated people, that is to say, have no manners; educated people have bad manners.—*London News.*

## ALASKA'S CLIMATE

Representative Cushman, of Washington, felt called upon to defend in the House the climate of Alaska against the assaults of writers who, he says, "write four columns about the sublimity of the Muir glacier and the beauties of the floating iceberg and never a line about agriculture. There is enough frozen metaphor in the poetry about Alaska to blight the bloom of the tropical zone."

"It may surprise you, gentlemen," Cushman continued, "but at Sitka, the capital of Alaska, it never gets cold enough to freeze ice in the winter, and the residents of that favored spot have to import their ice from the United States."

"There was an Alaska prospector who lived for two winters under the shadow of the Arctic circle. He started for New York city. He had not got along very well with the weather in Alaska, but when he started across the northern end of the United States in January he discovered, in a climatic sense, that he was getting next the business end of the real thing."

"He was cold when he got to St. Paul; he was colder still when the breeze from the lake struck him at Chicago, and

## SECTIONAL BOOK- CASES

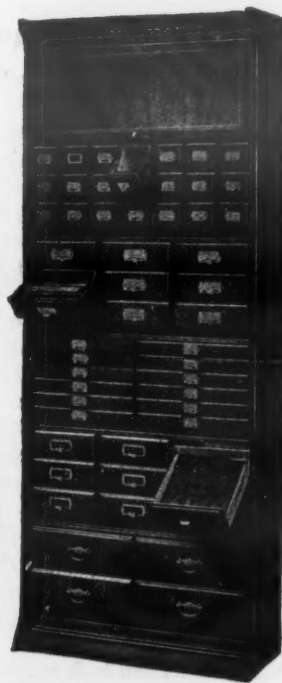
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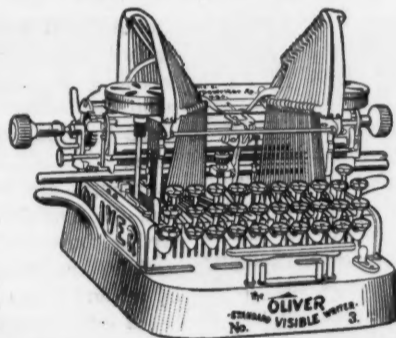
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The COMPRESSED AIR  
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at Buffalo, N. Y., they found him frozen Chairman, is a truthful recital of the to death, stiff as an alpenstock, by the sad and shocking end of Icicle Ike, the stove in the smoking car. That, Mr. Coldfoot of Alaska."

## THE STOCK MARKET

Once more, Wall Street reports an improvement in speculative sentiment, as well as in the monetary situation. It also sends out intimations that the bears are engaged in covering their short lines and preparing for a sharp upward movement. Whether these intimations rest on facts is a question that must be left open. Careful observers will not abandon their belief, however, that the stock market is in a precarious position, that it is the prey of reckless, unscrupulous marauders and gamblers, whose machinations may be upset, at any hour, by the vagaries of money rates and foreign exchange. Neither will they lend any credence to predictions that money will soon be more abundant. It is the penchant of the average Wall street operator to take a light-hearted view of legitimate conditions and prospects, when every experienced man will haul in sails and look out for the breakers.

The pyrotechnics in Southern Pacific were both interesting and disreputable. While they instilled infinite delight into the hearts of certain coteries of gamblers, they also increased the suspicions which have for some time existed in the minds of sensible outsiders that there is serious friction among the leaders of the market and that nobody can tell when or where a mine may be exploded that will knock the whole shebang to smithereens. James R. Keene has been issuing one manifesto after another, explaining the exact status of Southern Pacific and his much-advertised "pool," yet he fails to convince with his explanations. The more one studies his "facts," the more one is impressed with the idea that there must be "something rotten in Denmark." The late violent rise in S. P. was, unquestionably, brought about for the purpose of duping the "lambs" into the belief that a "corner" was in progress and that something was "going to happen" that would make interested parties climb over each other in frantic efforts to obtain the shares controlled by Keene's cohorts. Judging by the appearances of things, the "pool" must be in desperate straits. There is good reason to believe that the individual members are quietly, and in violation of agreements entered into, selling their holdings whenever they have a chance to do so.

About ten days ago, sterling exchange in New York had dropped to almost 4.86, but it has since risen again to 4.87.25, and is thus dangerously close to the gold-exporting point. It is certainly not very encouraging to see sterling at such a high level, in spite of a decided stiffness of call loan rates. For some time past, the latter have been

ranging between 5 and 8 per cent, and yet failed to lower sterling to any appreciable extent. Two years ago, such a high level of interest rates would have depressed sterling to, at least, 4.85. All this proves, of course, that we are heavily indebted to Europe and that gold exports are absolutely certain to take place as soon as foreign lenders refuse further to accommodate American borrowers. It has leaked out that a bad "smash-up" would surely have taken place lately but for the securing of fresh supplies of German capital on an average rate of 6 per cent per annum. The willingness of the Germans to assist us in our present difficulties is very gratifying and evidence that our credit is still good, but it cannot be looked upon as something calculated to strengthen the foundations of the market or the confidence of investors. Is there any special reason why people should rush to Wall street to buy stocks that pay, let us say, 4 per cent, and that are carried with German capital on which 6 per cent must be paid? If there really is an eternal fitness of things, then it behooves Wall street to give it some thought, lest a constant disregard of it may induce the market to recognize this fundamental fitness by "throwing fits."

The Panama Canal payments have ceased to worry Wall street for the present. It seems that information has been received from Washington that the Secretary of the Treasury will do nothing that might disturb the serenity of New York financiers. The screws cannot stand a further twist at present. Besides, the treaty is yet to be ratified by the Colombian representatives at Bogota. By the time ratification is an accomplished fact, things may have smoothed themselves to some extent and reached a stage where Mr. Shaw will find it a comparatively facile matter to remit the forty million dollars to Paris, without producing convulsions in Wall street.

Attempts are still being made to revive the speculative furore by talk of further consolidations in the railroad world. The sharp advance in Rock Island and Frisco issues was, ostensibly, based on a renewal of reports that the latter would be absorbed by the former. It did not seem, however, as if outsiders displayed more than a languid interest in the matter. The consolidation of the two southwestern systems has been so much talked about already that its final completion may be regarded as well discounted by this time. Besides, it is not at all clear why the shares of both companies should be entitled to materially higher quotations at present. The amalgamation will not enhance their intrinsic merits, at least not for some time to come. It will be time enough to

—CONDENSED OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF—

## Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

ST. LOUIS, MO., FEBRUARY 28, 1903.

## RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....	\$15,001,057.87
Bonds and stocks .....	9,527,547.91
Overdrafts .....	911.07
Real estate .....	90,498.83
Safety deposit vaults .....	72,000.00
Cash and sight exchange.....	6,791,398.64
All other resources.....	47,551.00
	\$31,530,965.32

JULIUS S. WALSH, President.

## LIABILITIES.

Capital paid .....	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus and profits .....	6,150,778.96
Deposits .....	23,269,550.46
Reserve, interest and taxes.....	52,000.00
Reserve, sub'n World's Fair.....	6,500.00
Reserve, reinsurance bonds.....	40,725.76
All other liabilities.....	11,410.14
	\$31,530,965.32

JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary.

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.00

SURPLUS, - - - \$1,000,000.00

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G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier. VAN L. RUNYAN, Ass't Cashier

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talk of a bulge in prices when the beneficial effects of the deal (if it is carried out) can be logically determined.

Amalgamated Copper is still puzzling the boys. The steady rise in the metal, in the past two months, has created a rather bullish feeling and expectations that the stock will soon be hovering again around 100. Yet, the public does not seem willing to nibble at the bait put forth. The stock is, however, creeping up, though in a very irregular manner, and shows surprising firmness at times when the rest of the list is semi-demoralized. London authorities expressed the opinion, the other day, that the whole movement is a fake, and that the rise in the metal is strictly artificial. There may be some truth in this, in view of the fact that copper exports from the United States, in February, showed a marked decrease, compared with the same month in 1902. Yet, whatever the true gist of the matter may be, it is quite plain that somebodies are backing Amalgamated and trying to make it appetizing to the public, just as they did some years ago, when the shares were selling at prices well above 100.

Railroad earnings for February were encouraging, taking gross results as a criterion. The figures may have to be modified, however, and be less gratifying, when, later in the month, the exact amount of expenditures is deducted. It will be remembered that the gross increases in January disappeared almost entirely when the full monthly statements were submitted.

For the immediate future, the money market will continue to be the controlling factor. Its movements should be closely watched by all who are interested in speculation and finance generally.

#### LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local bond and stock market continues rather dull. There is no special demand for anything. The monetary uncertainty appears to be the principal restraining factor. While the local banks are well supplied with funds, and their reserves larger than they were some time ago, speculative borrowers find it more difficult to cover their needs at the low rates formerly prevailing. The banks are evidently determined to husband their resources and to do nothing that might inspire a dangerous movement of inflation. It will, no doubt, be best for all concerned to encourage a prolongation of the present state of quietude.

Owing to rumors of another \$6,000,000 loan in the form of 6 per cent collateral bonds, St. Louis Transit broke to 26½; United preferred to 81 and the 4 per cent bonds to 84. There has been a little recovery since, but the feeling still is one of distrust and hesitation, in spite of the undoubted efforts on the part of insiders to protect the securities against further bear attacks.

Bank and trust company issues are dull. Bank of Commerce is a little lower and selling at 372; Commonwealth is selling at 302; Germania at 232; Mercantile at 400 and Title Guaranty at 92½. Mississippi is quoted at 455 asked; Lincoln at 256 asked and Colonial at 193 bid, 195 asked. Missouri Trust declined a trifle and is now quoted at 126½ bid.

Laclede Gas 5s are selling at 106½, and Brewing Association 6s at 94. Missouri-Edison 5s are quoted at 94½ bid, 96 asked.

St. Louis Transfer stock is selling at 79; Central Coal & Coke at 67½ and Candy common at 24. For Westinghouse Automatic Coupler 51¼ is asked.

Money is steady at 6 per cent. Sterling

is strong at 4.87½. Bank clearances show a small decrease for the past week.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

G. F. Louisiana, Mo.—Would continue to hold Missouri Pacific for the present. Believe you will yet have a chance to get out even. The late increase in earnings has created a good impression. It is promised that operating expenses will be materially reduced.

"Subscriber," Atchison, Kans.—United States Steel 5s are speculative. Cannot be regarded as safe. If you have trust money to invest, would advise you to select something else.

R. E.—Would not buy Wabash debentures at present. The bonds are sustained principally by expectations of an adjustment of capital. They are entitled to 6 per cent. The preferred is entitled to 7 per cent. Can't see anything attractive in the common, as matters stand at this writing.

H. H. F.—Rock Island should be let alone for the present. As long as the money market is constantly on the ragged edge, it is needless to look for a sharp advance in anything. The shares will no doubt be boosted well at the proper time, because insiders have them for sale.

D. W., Quincy, Ill.—The Nebraska school bonds referred to are considered first-class. The county is in good financial condition, in spite of the comparative smallness of population. Hold on to the bonds.

W. E. R.—Can't recommend sales of Missouri Trust. The stock should be worth more after a while. It is not likely that you will have an opportunity to "unload" your United 4s at price named within the current year.

S. L.—Don't touch Republic Iron common. The price is low, but not so low as to warrant purchases at this time. The financial position of the company is not well known.

A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two-letter monogram, except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

DEMAND FOR LABOR IN THE WEST. April 15th to October 1st, harvesting fruit and grain crops in California and the Northwest; low rates February 15th to June 15th. J. H. Lothrop, G. A., U. P. R. R., 903 Olive street, St. Louis.

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Heinemann and Welb Managers.

Friday, March 27, 1903.  
Extra Performance! By request.  
**ALT HEIDELBERG.**  
SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1903.  
Last Comedy of the Season.

**DIE HIMMELSLEITER**  
George Heinemann, Leona Bergere, Hans Loebel in the leading parts.

Wednesday, April 1, 1903.  
Benefit for Mr. W. Sudrow. Sudermann's Masterpiece,  
**DIE EHRE.**

#### OLYMPIC

<b>THIS WEEK.</b>	<b>NEXT WEEK.</b>
Nixon and Zimmerman present	Mr.
Francis Wilson	E. S. WILLARD
in the musical success	IN
<b>The Toreador.</b>	<b>Repertoire.</b>
100 people in company.	Reserved seats Thursday

#### CENTURY

<b>THIS WEEK.</b>	<b>NEXT SUNDAY.</b>
Walker Whiteside Co. assisted by	Andrew Mack
Miss Lelia Wolstan and a Co. of 60 people,	in his new play.
Thurs. night and Sat. night.	<b>The Bad Sojer Boy.</b>
RICHARD III. Fri. eve and Sat. mat. HAMLET	by Theo. Bert Sayre.
	Reserved seats Thursday

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**Royal Burlesquers.**

NEXT WEEK,

**Rose Hill English Folly Co.**

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St. Louis, Mo.

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- Neatly trimmed Bonnets for matrons .....\$5.00
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Blouse Suits in Venetian Cloth, beautifully tailored with or without trimmed capes, postillion back—in blue, black, brown and gray for....\$12.50



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- Pompadour Taffeta Silks, in pink, castor, navy and brown for.....79c
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- Yama Mai, an all-silk taffeta, made exclusively for linings and drop skirts, sold by us only, for...39c
- Blue and White and Black and White Check Taffetas, so much used for shirtwaist suits; strictly all silk; for.....59c
- 28-inch Black Satin Duchess, one of the best values you ever bought, for .....75c
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- 36-inch Black Peau de Sole for .....\$1.25

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

GIRLS AND ENGAGEMENTS

BY TOM MASSON.

The question recently agitated with so much vigor and rigor, as to whether a college education is necessary to a young man in business, is not half so interesting as how many men should a girl be engaged to before she is married. This question strikes at the roots of society, and generations to come will be influenced by it.

Just as the kitten acquires valuable practise by playing with the dummies before she enters upon the serious business of the professional mouser, so, before the knot is tied, it is proper that a girl should fortify herself with as much preliminary training as possible. Yet this does not imply recklessness nor that superficial skimming from one subject to another which precludes a proper mastery of the problem. Enough time should be taken to hook the man thoroughly, and, when he is properly and steadily in hand, to study him until the possibilities are exhausted. Only then should he be relinquished, and another specimen should be selected, and so on until the final adjustment.

And, above all, girls, do not allow any false sympathy for the man himself to interfere with your end. It is natural for him to squirm, but the whole process, while painful at the time, will do him lasting good.

The ideal, toward which you are directing your efforts, is, of course, to acquire such a working knowledge of all men that, when you are married, the management of one will be a second nature—a habit of life that imposes no additional strain and does not take away your attention from the other enjoyments that you have a right to expect. To be constantly astonished at some new and hitherto unsuspected peculiarity in your (alleged) lord and master, when, by a brilliant series of preliminary engagements beforehand, this might have been obviated, is, to say the least, unfortunate. Well might some married veteran exclaim at this point, with much emphasis, that, if a girl waited to find out all the peculiarities of men before she married, she would never marry at all. And there is considerable truth in this.

What a girl should strive for, however, is not only to discover a man's peculiarities, but to learn how to subdue them to her own uses. For, beneath his envelope of weakness and cunning and roughness and tactlessness, man, after all, is a useful animal. He is a good machine to pay bills with, to receive useless ornaments from on anniversaries and holidays, to ward off burglars with, to escort one to functions, to consult about the baby's peekedness, and last, but not least, to feed. For every woman should have one animal to feed, and a man, while often lacking what a dog has, answers the purpose, perhaps, as well. It must be admitted that there is about a first love a freshness, a piquancy, a "fine frenzy" and a peculiar beauty that belongs to it alone. And, if this high pace could be maintained, if life were all loving, it would be rash to relinquish this brightest dream for a succession of lesser commonplace reveries. Yet sooner or later the fire must be made, the table set and the dishes washed, and practical love re-

quires a practical, working knowledge. So, go on, girls, and learn your lessons beforehand, while you have enough textbooks, and do not wait until you are limited to one—only, with regard to the number, don't wait too long. There is always a last lover, and it is generally advisable to be on with the new love before you are off with the old.

All this, of course, presupposes the probability of a girl being able to find out about a man beforehand, when it is notorious that men are not the same before and after. This, however, is not so difficult as it seems. Perhaps the best rule is the rule of contraries. The man who promises too much, spends too much, loves too much beforehand, will fail most, have less to spend and love too little afterward.—*Cosmopolitan*.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION MEETING,

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GRANT'S AMIABILITY

General Grant always yielded in a sort of whimsical way to his wife's domination of himself and his affairs. The "family" ran the household as it pleased, without much reference to General Grant's predilections. Once at the railway station in Galena he called the attention of a friend to a truckload of trunks ready for shipment East. "Do you see that pile?" he asked. "That is the Grant baggage. Do you see that little black valise away up on top? That's mine."—*Fresno Mirror*.

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